A Vacation Excursion

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PORTLAND, WILLAMETTE RIVER AND MOUNT HOOD

A Vacation Excursion.

From Massachusetts Bay to Puget Sound.

By P. Oliver Rand

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof. — *Fuller*.

Traveling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary along with him. — *Alcott*.

Manchester, N. H.:
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EXPLANATORY.

The letters composing this book were written to the Manchester, N. H., MIRROR by a member of the Raymond Excursion Party which left Boston, May 1, 1884, for a trip across the continent and to the Pacific Northwest. They are brief notes and impressions of the most salient points of interest embraced in visits to Colorado, New Mexico, California, Oregon, Washington Territory, Puget Sound, Vancouver's Island, Idaho, Montana and Utah, addressed to a newspaper constituency with no thought of other publication, and are necessarily of a casual and rambling nature. That they are permitted to make another addition to the fast-increasing multitude of books of travel is due to the urgent desire of members of the party and numerous readers of the letters as they appeared in the MIRROR to have them put before the public in this form.

O. R.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Dec., 1884.

PERSONNEL.

In Charge:

MR. LUTHER L. HOLDEN, of Boston, Mass.

Assistant:

Mr. C. H. Bagley, of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

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Bloomer, Mr. A. F.	Chicago,	Ill.
Brown, George, M. D.	Barre,	Mass.
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Curtis, Mrs. Mary S.	Boston,	Mass.
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Ensign, Mr. Charles A.	Malden,	Mass.
Everett, Mrs. J. H.	Franklin,	Mass.

Fisher, Mrs. Eben S.	Boston,	Mass.
Fisher, Mr. Herbert	Boston,	Mass.
Fisher, Mrs. Herbert	Boston,	Mass.
Gould, Mr. Chas. H.	Danvers,	Mass.
Gould, Mrs. Chas. H.	Danvers,	Mass.
Griffiths, Rev. Edwin C.	Philadelphia,	Penn.
Holden, Mrs. Luther L.	Boston,	Mass.
Hollister, E. O., M. D.	East Bloomfield,	N. Y.
Hollister, Mrs. E. O.	East Bloomfield,	N. Y.
Hyde, Miss R. W.	Brookline,	Mass.
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Neale, Mrs. H.	London,	England.
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Stearns, Mrs. John M.	Williamsburgh,	N. Y.
† Taylor, Mrs. E. S.	Lake Village,	N. H.
Thorndike, Mrs. J. H.	Boston,	Mass.
Townsend, Miss Annie P.	Philadelphia,	Penn.
Townsend, Mrs. E. M.	Philadelphia,	Penn.
* Turner, Mr. Sidney	Norwich,	Conn.
* Turner, Mrs. Sidney	Norwich,	Conn.
Worrell, Mr. William	Philadelphia,	Penn.

* Joined the party at San Francisco.

† Joined the party at Los Angeles, Cal.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST NOTES. — AT CHICAGO.

A FAMILIAR object to the traveling public during the past four or five years has been the little shipping-tag attached to numerous trunks, grip-sacks, bags and parcels, bearing the legend: —

Raymond's Vacation Excursions,
All
Traveling Expenses
Included.

To the initiated that little label is very significant. It means all the delights of travel,— nice, agreeable companions, first-class accommodations, beautiful scenery, interesting places, freedom from care, anxiety and "fuss," and as complete exemption from annoyance as is possible in the present stage of our civilization.

It is now five or six years since Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb initiated their "personally conducted" excursions over the Boston, Concord & Montreal and Passumpsic roads to Newport and Lake Memphremagog. Later they arranged trips to Montreal, to the White Mountains, to Saratoga, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands and other points, winter trips to Washington and Richmond, and three years ago began a series of transcontinental excursions to California, acquiring everywhere a reputation for making

good all their promises for first-class accommodations, and for that careful attention to small details the performance or the neglect of which has so much to do with the comfort and happiness of the traveler.

It was the writer's good fortune to be a member of the first of these excursions to the Capital, and the happy memories of that tour have always awakened a desire, with each new announcement of a "Raymond Excursion," to again join the company of sight-seers.

This is the fourth season that Raymond & Whitcomb have conducted parties to California, taking out two or three each spring. Mr. Luther L. Holden, formerly of the Boston *Journal*, has been associated with them in the conduct of these excursions. This year they arranged for three to cover the usual California route, and a fourth embracing all the points of interest covered by the others and extending to Oregon, Washington Territory, Puget Sound, British Columbia, Montana, Idaho, etc., occupying a period of seventy-three days and including more than ten thousand miles of travel.

This party, conducted by Mr. Luther L. Holden, assisted by Mr. C. H. Bagley of St. Johnsbury, Vt., left Boston, May 1, from the Fitchburg station, via the Hoosac Tunnel line, the New York, West Shore & Buffalo road, and the Chicago & Grand Trunk to Chicago.

Our party consists of fifty-three members, besides the conductors, booked for the full trip, and three or

four others who will stop in Kansas or Colorado. We have representatives of all the New England states, of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, and two from London, England. There are twenty-two gentlemen and thirty-one ladies in the party. There are three M. D.'s, one reverend, and one or more learned in the law. Bankers, merchants, manufacturers and printers have their representatives, and the coupon-cutter is probably not omitted. Most of the party have reached or passed the prime of life, though fair young womanhood is not without some of its brightest representatives. *The bride* of the party was one of Manchester's comeliest maidens three weeks ago. We are fast becoming acquainted with one another, and shall be a very happy family for the next ten weeks. Mrs. Holden, who has already made three of these transcontinental trips, enters upon her fourth with all the enthusiasm of a novice. A nature like hers will never grow old.

Our first stop was at Greenfield, Mass., where we had supper at the Mansion House, and a rest of a couple of hours. It was too late to get any idea of the scenery, but the hotel commends itself. Thursday night some of the tourists had their first experience of a sleeping-car berth. All who had not traveled the route before determined to keep awake till they went "through the tunnel," but the drowsy god was too potent for some of them. Others, who could not so well accommodate themselves to their new envi-

ronment, amused themselves in counting and classifying the various *snores* that proceeded from the several berths.

An excellent breakfast at the station dining-rooms in Syracuse put all in good trim for the second day's ride. The scenery of the Mohawk valley is tame to a New Englander. The low hills seen on either hand a part of the distance are formed like big snow-drifts, and are merely drifted sand-heaps covered with turf. A strong gale was blowing all day, which retarded the very heavy train, so that our arrival at Clifton and dinner was somewhat delayed, and to save time the latter was served in a dining-car. It was put down in the book that we were to have supper at London, P. O. One young lady, perhaps not familiar with the names of the different provinces in the Dominion of Canada, declared we were to eat our supper at the *post-office*.

We arrived in Chicago on Saturday about 10 A. M., and were conveyed by omnibus to the Sherman House. Each tourist was provided with a ticket, giving number of his room, before leaving the station, and thus on arrival had nothing to do but show his ticket to be immediately located. The day was bright and beautiful and was improved by each one in accordance with his or her inclination. It is not my purpose to attempt any description of this big city, whose stupendous growth is the wonder of the century. The figures, as one looks over the statistics, are

appalling. And yet, no matter how much one reads or hears about it, we are not quite prepared for the reality. A flat country is not interesting in a scenic view, and I suppose it has disadvantages in the way of sewerage and drainage; but it does admit of beautiful streets, straight and level as a house floor, and when we think of the miles and miles of these streets, lined with tall buildings of brick and stone and iron, covering a territory of fifty square miles, and of the restless energy which animates the three-quarters of a million people who occupy these structures and pushes on the vast traffic of the food storehouse of the continent, and of the tens of thousands of others who come here daily for business or pleasure, we are overwhelmed, as when we try to count the stars or measure the illimitable.

Saturday is "shopping-day" in Chicago, and State street, where the large retail stores are chiefly located, was gay with elegantly dressed ladies coming and going. One who enjoys "seeing the styles" could not fail to find pleasure here. I have always been interested in the way in which Chicago secured her water supply by tunneling two miles under the bed of Lake Michigan, and as we drove near the pumping-station and stand-pipe, two very ornamental buildings of granite at the foot of Chicago avenue, I was glad to enter and see the huge machinery which pumps this exhaustless supply of pure water from the bottom of the lake. The immense engines have a combined power

of three thousand horses, pumping the water into the tower to a height of one hundred and thirty feet, whence it is distributed throughout the city. There are two of these water tunnels now, with a combined capacity of one hundred and fifty million gallons daily, but the growth of population is so rapid that another is contemplated.

A drive through the boulevards, Michigan avenue, with its lake front and beautiful residences, the street broad and smooth, Prairie avenue, Drexel boulevard, Lincoln park, South park, and the others, is something not to be omitted. We met many handsome equipages and several ladies on horseback on the boulevards, and were informed by our driver that on almost any other day in the week we should meet hundreds of them, but Saturday is devoted to shopping.

One of the finest public buildings is the new city and county court-house, which occupies the square bounded by Clark, Randolph, La Salle and Washington streets and is directly opposite the Sherman House where we are staying. It is probably not surpassed in the beauty of its architecture by any similar building in the United States. This corner, Clark and Randolph streets, is the busiest in the city, and lots here are rated higher than anywhere else. The site of the Sherman House, in a sworn valuation, was placed at four thousand dollars a front foot, the lot being 186 feet square, the value of the buildings not being in-

cluded. This house, which is every way a satisfactory one, accommodates from five hundred to a thousand guests, according to circumstances. Mr. Pearce, the landlord, gave us some very interesting facts concerning the great fire and its results. Himself the loser of two hundred thousand dollars by it, he said his chief regret was that he should never live to see the beautiful city, whose growth he had watched for twenty-five years, restored, as he could not hope that his life would be prolonged for another twenty-five years. It is now thirteen years, and the city is larger than ever. The twenty-one hundred acres of ashes are covered with tall structures of brick and stone, if not more beautiful than those destroyed, at least, as a rule, more substantial. There is a pathetic side to the story of the great fire not generally known. The chief sufferers were the once rich men who lost their all and were never able to recover from the blow. These victims are filling the graveyards and asylums year by year.

An immense new building, nine stories high, is that of the Pullman Car Company, just being completed. A restaurant is in the top story for the convenience of the employés.

But I must desist; for, as I said, I do not intend to attempt any description of this great and wonderful city, and only allude to a few of the objects that interested me.

This, Sunday, morning is rainy and not favorable to sight-seeing. It may be more conducive to church-going. To-morrow morning we start via the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway for Kansas City, thence via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and Denver & Rio Grande railways. Our first stopping-place will be Manitou, Col.

CHAPTER II.

FROM CHICAGO TO COLORADO. — PUEBLO.

I AM very grateful to Mr. Pullman. I saw his house in Chicago. It is elegant and beautiful. I am glad he can afford to live in it. We have been living in one of his palace cars several days — it seems weeks — and we like it. Talk about fatigue of travel is meaningless under such conditions as environ us. Why, it is rest, —

> "Rest from the sorrows that greet us,
> Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,"

and several other things.

It is a marvel how so excellent and elaborate a bill of fare can be served as we find on the dining-cars of the Chicago & Grand Trunk and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railways. Thirty to forty articles are embraced in the menu, and everything cooked and served in an unexceptionable manner. Think of finding a bouquet of hot-house roses at your plate as you sit down to dainty little tables with the snowiest of linen, of eating your strawberries and cream in one town, your beefsteak and omelet in the next, and perhaps taking your final sip of coffee in a fourth! What a genius it must be who can evolve all these delicious viands from a bit of a kitchen at one end

of the car, where there is not room enough "to swing a cat!"

I am afraid I shall have to surrender one of my pet prejudices. Born almost within the shadow of the mountains, with an outlook from the paternal acres commanding a view circumscribed only by the fringe of blue hills in the far distant horizon, and covering a vast expanse of hill and valley, forest, lake and stream, I had ever felt with Mrs. Browning, —

> "Hills draw like heaven,
> And stronger sometimes; stretching out their hands
> To lead you from the vile flats up to them,"

and that a home on the prairie would be of all things most dreary. But the ride through Illinois and Kansas (the other states were traversed in the night), particularly Kansas, with their miles on miles of gently undulating fields, the rich black soil, — blacker than any I have seen since as a child I cultivated "bachelor's buttons" and "lady's delights" (these are *not* synonymous) in the home garden, — in contrast with the rich green of the upspringing grass and grain, the cheerful looking farm-houses at not infrequent intervals, the pleasant villages, the flower-bordered streams, have shaken my prejudice somewhat, and forced me to admit that possibly one might live happily — for a time — out of sight of the blue hills and gray rocks of old New England. I draw the line at *rolling* prairie, however.

At Joliet, Ill., we came in view of the extensive limestone quarries, whence much of the building stone used in Chicago is taken. The absence of any dip in the strata is in noticeable contrast to our own geologic formations. These limestone layers are placed upon each other as horizontally as in a wall of masonry.

The old Michigan and Illinois canal was in sight most of the way from Chicago to La Salle, a distance of one hundred miles, but no mules or horses were in the tow-path, the railroads now doing all the transportation. As we approach La Salle the face of the country changes, and for several miles presents a broken surface with numerous hills, some of them of quite respectable proportions. All along the route till we reached the Colorado plains, the streams were full to overflowing, the ground was saturated with moisture, and, as a consequence, little or nothing had been done upon the farms. Very few fields had been plowed, and the season seems much later than in New England. At rare intervals we saw a man, with two or three horses abreast attached to a plow, riding his vehicle with as much ease as a lady's coachman. Poor Richard is obsolete here, and the saying,

> "He who by the plow would thrive
> Himself must either hold or drive,"

no longer has meaning. In Kansas the grain and grass were more advanced, and apple trees were in full bloom. Herds of cattle were seen and numerous

black pigs along the route. Whether these western people have a prejudice against any swine but Berkshires and Poland Chinas, or whether nothing but *color* will thrive in the black soil, we don't know, but not a single white pig has appeared in sight in the whole journey.

We arrived in Kansas City Tuesday morning and partook of an excellent breakfast at the station dining-rooms. I commend this restaurant especially to lovers of good coffee. Kansas City is built upon a high, precipitous bluff, the perpendicular sides, like a wall of masonry, showing the stratification of the rocks. The business part of the town and the railroads are below the bluff. Kansas City is the greatest railroad center in the West and its population is nearly one hundred thousand. It is the market from which nearly all the mining regions of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona procure their food supplies.

Re-entering the cars we pursue our way through the Garden State. Kansas *is* a goodly land, and may well boast. As the train stopped at Lawrence I stepped off for a moment, and felt that I was on sacred soil, as I recalled that here the first battle against the encroachments of slavery was fought, and that here was really the beginning of the bloody struggle which emancipated a race and made this vast country free in fact as well as in name. "Bleeding Kansas" is now smiling Kansas, and her wonderful growth is a marvel even in this wonder-working West. Every

foot of government land has been taken up, and the population now numbers a million souls. The Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fé Railroad, with its numerous branches, has been largely instrumental in this rapid development. Topeka, where we dined, the capital and most populous city in the state, is the headquarters of this road, the general offices and shops being located here, cars, engines and complete trains being manufactured. It was a matter of regret that we could not stop to view the elegant public buildings and beautiful residences.

The coal mines of Kansas, which are numerous in Osage county, were so unlike our conception of any kind of a mine that I could at first scarcely believe that the wooden shafts occasionally seen were the entrances to real mines. All above was green turf; no debris, no sand, nor rocks, nor rubbish. Newton, our stopping-place for supper, is near the location of the Russian Mennonites, who came here about ten years ago to escape the oppression of the Russian government. There were about fifteen hundred of them settled in Kansas, and their success in farming is said to be something wonderful, particularly in fruit-raising. They also give a good deal of attention to silkworm culture.

Soon after leaving Newton we sought our berths, and when at dawn I again looked out upon the world, the Arkansas river, up whose valley we had traveled since leaving Newton, was flowing close beside the

track, and a broad plain covered with brown grass, stretching as far as the eye could reach, was spread out before me. Frequent herds of cattle were seen, and an occasional dug-out or shanty which furnished shelter for the ranchman. At one watering-station near the Colorado line there is a little village of these dug-outs sheltering nearly a hundred people, with no frame buildings except those belonging to the railroad. They are simply cellars with a roof over them slightly inclined, and a window in the upper half of the door by which they are entered.

About six o'clock Wednesday morning we reached Coolidge, a railway town, and two miles further on crossed the state line into Colorado. We had now attained an altitude of 3,400 feet above the sea level, having ascended 2,500 feet since leaving Topeka, yet so gradually that the ascent was scarcely perceptible. For the next five hours there was little variation in the scene. The broad plain still stretched before us, the brown buffalo grass gradually giving way to sage-bush and cactus, the Arkansas with its fringe of cottonwoods still slowly meandered along, herds of cattle still browsed, though less numerous as the sage-bush and cactus became the only growth, but what the poor creatures found to sustain life we could not guess. Indeed, many had starved during the winter, as the corpses along the way bore witness. "Putrefy?" Oh, no; nothing putrefies in this Colorado air. Notwithstanding the sameness of the prospect it was

not tiresome as such monotony usually is, for the brightest, bluest sky, the most exhilarating atmosphere, lent a charm to everything.

Our only stop was at La Junta (pronounce it La Hoonta), for breakfast. I doubt if any of my readers had a breakfast that morning equaling in variety or excelling in quality and cooking that served to us on these arid plains, where not a green thing grows, hundreds of miles from any market. Crisp watercresses, beefsteak, omelets, chicken, fish, ham, rolls, coffee and numerous other articles were spread before us, and all of the nicest quality. It was such a genuine surprise to everybody that our French host, who was most assiduous in his attentions, was almost overwhelmed with compliments.

Soon after leaving La Junta the beautiful Spanish Peaks and the Green Horn Mountains began to appear in sight, and a little later the snowy summit of Pike's Peak. We reached South Pueblo about noon, where unexpected attentions awaited us, the mayor and a delegation of the South Pueblo Board of Trade meeting the party at the station and tendering the courtesy of a carriage ride through the city. There are three Pueblos,— Pueblo, Central Pueblo and South Pueblo, — each with its own mayor and city government, and, two miles from South Pueblo, the little village of Bessemer where the steel and nail works are. It is claimed that there are twenty thousand inhabitants in these villages, which are practically one

town, and the dwellings are of all degrees, from the tent and dug-out to the mansion costing $125,000. And not a green thing is to be seen anywhere excepting in a few yards which are irrigated with water from the city water supply, which is drawn from the Arkansas river. Everywhere is the dull Quaker drab soil, and the prevailing color of the wooden houses is about the same shade. The only growths are cactus and sage-bush, and the cottonwood trees, not yet in leaf, which skirt the river and have been set out in many of the streets. Bessemer and the principal business portion of Pueblo are in a sort of basin ; the streets where most of the residences are situated run up the hill-sides and spread out upon the broad table-land above. These command a fine view of the distant mountains, the Spanish Peaks, Green Horn range and Pike's Peak, and a wide expanse of plain. The view from "Tenderfoot Hill," where, it is said, newcomers are required to walk barefoot till they can trample the cactus without wincing, is particularly good. This hill in some respects resembles "Libby Hill," overlooking the James river at Richmond. Five bridges span the Arkansas between the Pueblos. Here, as elsewhere in the West, the school buildings are especially fine, being built of brick or stone, and are among the best structures in the town. The churches are numerous and some of them quite handsome. Three artesian wells supply drinking-water and are said to possess great medicinal qualities. A

horse-railroad extends two miles through the town. Hon. Alvah Adams, president of the board of trade, one of the gentlemen who accompanied us, does a business of half a million a year in hardware, and is a good specimen of the push and enterprise which are building up these cities of the plain as if by magic. Nothing is left undone which effort and energy can accomplish to set forth the advantages offered for the investment of capital, and to invite immigration. Pueblo is the natural outlet of a large mining region, and hopes to rival Denver in the near future.

Our visit to the steel and nail works and smelting furnaces was exceedingly interesting, and to most a novelty. We were shown the whole process, from the melting and "puddling" of the crude ore in the big furnace till it came out pig iron; then the heating of the pigs in other fiery furnaces till they came out ingots of steel, the passage of these glowing ingots through successive rollers till they were reduced to long bars, and then by still another machine cut and formed into perfect steel rails for the track of the locomotive. These Bessemer steel-works, which are owned by the Colorado Coal and Iron Co., are said to be the best in existence, the machinery being all of the very latest improved patterns. They have a capacity of three hundred tons a day. They have been in operation about four years. At the nail-works close by, eighteen different sizes of nails are manufactured. The smelting-furnace for the reduction of

gold and silver ores is the largest in the state, and another is in process of construction.

When the excursionists had returned to the station, Mr. Stearns of Williamsburgh, N. Y., made a little speech expressing the gratitude of the party for the attentions bestowed, which was supplemented by cheers for the board of trade, and we departed for Manitou bearing pleasant memories of this hospitable Pueblo.

CHAPTER III.

MANITOU AND ITS ENVIRONS.

PUEBLO is the center of the Denver & Rio Grande system of narrow-gauge railroads which radiate from that point in all directions among the mountains. Colorado Springs is forty-four miles from Pueblo, on the direct line to Denver, and Manitou is six miles from Colorado Springs by a branch road from there. It is in a narrow valley at the junction of Ruxton creek and the *Fountaine qui Bouille*, close up to the foot-hills of Pike's Peak, and near the entrance to Ute Pass. Pike's Peak, 14,336 feet high, is but ten miles distant. The village has about five hundred inhabitants. Besides the attractions of the scenery, there are mineral springs here of great medicinal value and of delicious flavor, the Ute iron spring and the Navajo soda spring being especially noted. There is also a sulphur spring. Williams' Cañon, the Cavé of the Winds, the Ute Pass and Rainbow Falls, the Pike's Peak Trail and Ingleman's Pass, and, last and greatest, the Garden of the Gods, are all near by. I suppose that most readers of Mrs. Blake's "On the Wing," have thought her glowing description of the Garden of the Gods colored by that poetic imagination and subtile grace which lend a charm to all

she writes, and that there were revealed to her vision beauties which more prosaic eyes would never discover. But no description can over-rate the scene. No wonder that the red man found this the fitting abode of Manitou, the Great Spirit. The first thing you observe on entering Manitou is the color, — brilliant terra-cotta or deeper red everywhere. The roads, the rocks, the mountain sides, all have the same glowing hue. In the great upheaval which raised this rocky wall which divides the continent, the red sandstone here came to the front.

It was morning when we rode to the Garden of the Gods. The sky was without a cloud. We are over six thousand feet above the level of the sea, high as the summit of Mt. Washington, and the air, so clear that objects ten miles away seem scarcely more than a mile distant, was blowing soft and cool. As we enter the Garden we are surrounded by forms in the likeness or caricature of man and beast, bird and reptile, forms beautiful, fantastic, monstrous or grotesque, all of the ever prevailing red color, sculptured by the action of the weather upon the sandstone rocks. "Mushroom Park" contains scores of forms like huge mushrooms, the stem of dark red and the cap of a light gray or mushroom color. A kneeling woman, a fat Dutchman, a bull-frog, an immense turtle, "the lady of the garden" with her white apron and kerchief, an elephant, a lion couchant, these and a hundred other shapes greet the eye as we proceed. If

it were not irreverent to think of the Divine Artist as *experimenting*, we could imagine that here He had first tried his hand at modeling the form of everything into which He was to breathe the breath of life. These forms are all wonderful, but we must pass through the gateway — a rectangular opening some fifty feet wide in a wall of solid red sandstone three hundred and thirty feet high, the portals guarded by lofty sentinels, — then turning, look back through the opening upon a picture whose sublime beauty and grandeur no pen can fitly describe. First, these massive walls of red rock, then the monumental sentinel guarding the entrance, beyond the Garden the foot-hills with their glowing color subdued by a thin growth of brown grass, and merging into tawny shades, behind them still higher hills and higher yet, peak beyond peak, the dark green of the pines in cloudy patches on the steep sides looking almost black in the distance, above and beyond them all the snowy summit of Pike's Peak, and over all the fleckless sky of intensest azure,— these are some of the outlines of a picture which the most unimpressionable could not gaze upon without emotion. It seemed as if we must be standing in the very forecourt of heaven, and that the breezes which fanned our cheeks were zephyrs from paradise.

Reluctantly turning from the picture we rode on two miles farther, over a delightful road, with strange groups of lofty red monumental rocks appearing on either hand, crossed several times a shallow streamlet,

and as we passed an attractive little porter's lodge, where flowers are on sale, entered a winding avenue through wild shrubbery, where new vistas are constantly unfolding, till at length we reached Glen Eyrie, an elegant modern residence, with balconies and porches and turrets and all the angles and eccentricities of an approved "Queen Anne" structure, built close up to the rough, almost vertical mountain wall towering many hundred feet above it, while tall red pillars like giant sentinels keep watch and ward, the loftiest, styled the Major Domo, I should judge not less than two hundred feet in height. This residence, so unique in its surroundings, so appropriately named Glen Eyrie, is the home of Gen. Palmer, ex-president of the Denver & Rio Grande railways.

Williams' Cañon is a wild gorge with high perpendicular or overhanging walls of red rock, built up stratum upon stratum, in some places having as many shades of color as a modern "Queen Anne" cottage, but always the deep red at the base. The cañon is tortuous, and sometimes so narrow there is little more than room for the carriage to pass. The walls are several hundred feet in height, and their beauty of color is comparable to nothing seen anywhere in the East, unless it be the rocks at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard. The wildness and grandeur of the scenery fill us with a strange awe, and as we stand in the narrow cleft, and our eyes follow the lines of masonry placed by the Infinite Builder, up, up, up, to the strip

of blue overhead, we almost wonder if this be not the strait and narrow way that leads up to heaven. A solitary walk through this cañon on a succeeding day did not lessen its impressiveness.

A mile and a half from Manitou through this cañon is the Cave of the Winds, the entrance to which is two hundred feet above the bottom of the cañon. This cave was discovered some four years ago, two boys by the name of Peckett exploring about one hundred feet. Since then Mr. George W. Snider, one of the owners, has found one hundred and seventy chambers, forty-seven of which are open so as to be seen by visitors. Excavations are now being made by which several others will soon be accessible. "Canopy Hall," the largest chamber we saw, is two hundred and twenty-five feet in length. "Grand Hall," not now open on account of excavations, is said to be six hundred and fifty feet in length, its average height being one hundred feet and average width fifty feet. There are some very strange and beautiful formations to be seen. Canopy Hall takes its name from an umbrella or canopy-like projection on one side. In two chambers there are what look like petrified cataracts, the carbonate of lime being deposited so as to give the exact appearance of water falling over rocks. In one is a "Piece of Bacon" looking, with a light behind it, just like a piece of smoked pork with a "streak of fat and a streak of lean." The ceiling of one chamber is thickly studded with beautiful coral-

like forms. Stalactites of various sizes depend from many. The "Bridal Chamber" and "Museum" were the most interesting we saw. The ceiling of the former is covered with beautiful stalactites, and some of the stalagmites beneath have wonderfully curious shapes. The bride sits there so perfect in form that it looks like a real doll. The sides of the museum are covered with tiny forms of bird and beast and reptile, so perfect they resemble a toy-shop before Christmas. There is considerable climbing up and down, as well as stooping and in some places almost creeping, to get into the several chambers. One narrow passage, thirty feet in length and not more than three feet high, is called "The Tall Man's Misery." "Boston Avenue" is a long, narrow, winding passage, so named by Mr. Holden on account of its crookedness. Just over the entrance to the cave is an opening in the cliff near the summit, called the "Temple of Isis." The view from this cliff down the cañon and off to the distant mountains is very fine.

The Ute Pass, the old Indian trail over the mountains, if less impressive than Williams' Cañon is more picturesque, the swift stream that dashes madly over the rocks in the narrow defile and forms the beautiful Rainbow Falls giving it a fascinating interest; and there is not lacking an element of excitement as we ride along the narrow wagon road which winds so close to the perpendicular wall that towers far above

us that our wheels almost touch it, while on the other hand we look down over another perpendicular wall at whose base the rushing torrent seethes and foams.

It is worth coming a long distance to taste the delicious waters of the springs here. Nothing at Saratoga compares with the Ute iron and the Navajo soda in flavor, to my taste. I know nothing of their comparative value as medicinal agents, though these have a high reputation, but, as I came here "neither for health nor wealth, but for fun," as one lady of our party expressed it, the therapeutic quality is of no consequence to me. The iron spring is very cold, forty-four degrees, acid, sparkling, contains sulphates of potash and soda, chloride of sodium, and carbonates of soda, lime, magnesia and iron. The Navajo soda spring, but a few rods distant from our hotel, is not quite so cold as the iron spring, but is equally sparkling and refreshing. Add lemon and sugar and you have a drink fit for kings, yet none too good for Raymond excursionists.

A large and elegant bath-house supplied with the soda water is near the springs. It is very handsomely fitted up, and either tub or plunge baths can be indulged in.

We came here too early in the season to see Manitou at its best. The cottonwoods and shrubbery on the banks of the stream have not yet put forth their leaves, and the mountain sides, which have a thin growth of bleached-out buffalo-grass, will assume a greener hue later in the season.

The Manitou House, where we are staying, is a delightful homelike hostelry, Bailey & Walker, proprietors, with excellent beds, a good table, and everything clean and tasteful. Mrs. Bailey, wife of the landlord, is an artist, and the dining-room is decorated with specimens of her handiwork. She has copies of more than two hundred varieties of the beautiful Colorado wild flowers, which she has painted during the last four years, several of them being blossoms which pushed themselves up through the snow on the summit of Pike's Peak. Those of us to whom she obligingly exhibited her collection enjoyed a real treat.

I am getting very fond of this charming little Manitou and shall leave almost with regret. Yet, there is no rose without its thorn, and this retreat is not quite perfect. The red dust, which everywhere prevails, adheres so to shoes and clothing that it takes a good deal of time and patience to remove it, and — "What is that new building with the arched roof?" I asked the driver. "A skating-rink," was the reply.

Dr. Bell, an English gentleman, formerly vice-president of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, now a large stockholder in the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, has an elegant residence a short distance from the Manitou House. He purchased the celebrated picture of the Mount of the Holy Cross, painted by Moran, paying ten thousand dollars for it,

and built an addition to his house on purpose for its reception. By the owner's courtesy our party were permitted to go and see it. One does not need to have a knowledge of art to see that here is a masterpiece. Its beauty and perfection grow upon you the longer you gaze. I have no time for any attempt at description, but wish to put on record one of the great and unexpected pleasures of this sojourn in Manitou.

We arrived at this place Wednesday evening, 7th inst., and left for Denver Friday morning, returning here Saturday night. It is eighty miles from here to Denver, and after passing Colorado Springs there is no place of any consequence till we reach that city. Colorado Springs is a great resort for invalids. It has about five thousand inhabitants and some of the most elegant hotels in the country. It commands a fine view of mountain scenery, but the *springs* are here at Manitou, — not one nearer. So popular has the place become as a resort for consumptives, that it is said the magpies there cough in ten languages.

The ride over the plains to Denver is an exceedingly pleasant one. The course is almost due north, and there is a gradual rise till we reach the divide, fifty miles from Denver and 7,551 feet above the sea. On the divide is Palmer Lake, covering some thirty acres, the waters of which are drained both north and south. A railroad station, a boat-house and two or three fine residences are located here, and it is

designed to make this a summer resort. For the whole distance from Colorado Springs to Denver the rocky wall bounds the vision in the west,— a glorious panorama, of which more than a hundred miles can be seen at one view. After passing the divide the Rockies recede somewhat till they begin to look blue in the distance, while beyond them rise, peak after peak, the white crests of the snowy range. The gradually rising foot-hills with their billowy forms and ruddy tinge, the blue-gray tint of the mountains beyond them, and the snow white of the farther and loftier chain form a picture on which the eye is never tired of gazing, and give an idea of the vastness of this mountain region that I have found nowhere else.

There is one peculiarity incident to these mountains, or to the foot-hills, that is of frequent occurrence. The hill will rise with a regular but steep inclination till near the apex, when suddenly a solid perpendicular wall surmounts it like a huge fort or castle; sometimes this wall extends along the crest of a ridge many hundred feet.

As we approach Denver signs of cultivation begin to appear, though no cultivators and very few houses are seen, but the grass grows greener and plowed fields are in sight. It was noon when we reached the city, of which I will write another time.

CHAPTER IV.

DENVER. — CLEAR CREEK CAÑON. — CENTRAL CITY. — THE GRAND CAÑON. — MARSHALL'S PASS.

"WHAT! a Raymond excursion in Denver and no rain!" was the exclamation that greeted our arrival at the St. James on the 9th. It appears to have been the rule hitherto that rain or snow should greet every excursion to Denver from the East, so that it had become a standing joke with the citizens, and our arrival was the first departure from this rule. We have indeed been exceptionally favored with fine weather from the first, and the day of our visit to Denver was very bright and warm.

I suppose there is no town west of the Mississippi that has more of interest to the New Englander than Denver, so many of her prominent citizens had their early home in the East. Denver is beautifully situated in a sort of basin at the confluence of Cherry creek and South Platte river, the bottom of the basin, where the business portion of the town is located, being perfectly level, while the rim rises at a gentle incline from two hundred to three hundred feet on nearly all sides, affording delightful sites for residences, commanding a view of the Rocky Mountains two hundred miles in extent. The number of hand-

some and costly residences, and of fine, substantial business blocks is very large. It is difficult to realize that twenty-five years ago, where now stands this beautiful city with sixty-five thousand inhabitants, there was only a trackless plain with a few huts to shelter gold hunters.

The one feature which makes Denver entirely distinct from an eastern city is the irrigating ditches through which little streams flow along every street. No green thing would ever appear in this dry climate without irrigation, and the great drawback to beauty is the lack of foliage, the cottonwood being the only tree that thrives here. This tree resembles somewhat our silver-leaved poplar. It grows quite rapidly and, as one citizen remarked, "is a great deal better than no tree at all." There are some nice lawns about handsome residences, but they are kept up at great expense, as they require constant watering, and water rates are costly here.

One of the finest business blocks was built by Capt. R. W. Woodbury, formerly of Manchester and the MIRROR. He came to Denver eighteen years ago, and has grown gray and rich here. Two years ago he sold out the *Times*, which he had published ever since he came here, and his son is now one of the proprietors.

The court-house in Denver is a beautiful structure of gray sandstone, in the center of a large square on the hillside, green with alfalfa. A handsome

fountain adorns the grounds, and an artesian well is close by. The site for the new state capitol on "Capitol Hill" is a commanding one, and the edifice is soon to be erected. The public-school buildings in Denver, as everywhere else in this western country, are among the finest structures in the city. They have here a pretty custom of naming the different schools for the poets, as "the Bryant School," "the Whittier School," "the Longfellow School," and so on. The National Mining and Industrial Exposition building, a little out of the city, is a very large and handsome structure of brick. The streets of Denver are broad, clean and in excellent condition, although unpaved, the soil being as hard and firm as concrete. Fine opportunities for the exhibition of speed are afforded, and we understand "fast steppers" are not uncommon. The electric light is in use for lighting the city, four towers having been erected for the purpose.

I will not take space to give statistics in regard to the industries of Denver, but will merely say that the building done in 1882 amounted to over four million dollars, and the sales of malt and spirituous liquors to two millions. Nine railroads center here, and the union depot is an elegant structure built of a beautiful stone in pink and buff tints, a sandstone, or perhaps of volcanic origin. There are numerous other handsome buildings of the same material. Denver is 5,139 feet above the sea level, and the dry, clear air

is undoubtedly beneficial to many people who cannot endure the changeable climate of the East. Yet there are sudden changes of temperature here quite as extreme as in New England, as I am informed by a lady who has lived in Colorado four years that she had known the mercury to fall thirty degrees in thirty minutes.

The guide-books speak of the air as very electric. Of the truth of this I can bear witness, as on applying the brush to my clothing it *crackles* like a hemlock fire. If I don't lose it before I get home, I shall have enough electricity stored up to furnish the stock in trade of a "magnetic healer."

We left Denver Saturday morning, May 10, by the Colorado Central narrow-gauge, for a trip through Clear Creek Cañon to Central City. From Denver to Golden, the former capital of the state, the land near the railroad is mostly under cultivation, irrigating ditches being everywhere seen. Some plowing had been done, but there were no signs of planting. Our course is west from Denver, and we obtain a fine view of the mountains in the distance, with a splendid sweep of plain. Toward the north is seen the snowy crest of Long's Peak, 14,300 feet high, and farther to the west Gray's Peak, 14,566 feet above the sea level. Hills crowned with perpendicular walls of stratified rock looking like forts or castles are frequently seen. At Golden we make no stay, but from the train we see the elegant public-school building,

the school of mines, the state reform school and the court-house. Soon after leaving Golden we began to enter Clear Creek Cañon. As I looked upon the dark, muddy stream I thought the name had been given in irony until I learned that it was colored by the washings from the stamp mills and mines. Possibly the creek may have been clear once, though I have not seen a clear stream, such as we have everywhere in New Hampshire, since I left the East. The nearest approach to it was a tiny rivulet running down through Williams' Cañon at Manitou. Clear creek runs through one of the richest and oldest mining sections of the state. The rugged wildness of these rocky fastnesses is very impressive, and the constant turns made by the railroad as it follows the tortuous windings of the stream constantly open up new views. I think this must be the crookedest railroad in the world. So short and sudden are the turns that our train frequently appears to be rushing straight to destruction against the solid rock, and the next instant the engine rounds a sharp curve and is hidden entirely from sight of the rear of the train. Sometimes we shoot under an overhanging rock a thousand feet above us; sometimes we are not more than three feet above the surface of the water with just room enough for the narrow-gauge track between it and the vertical mountain wall, and sometimes the stream is fifty feet beneath us.

A few miners were seen at work, and many abandoned *troughs* (I don't know the technical name) used for washing the sand from the ore. At Blackhawk, twenty miles from Golden and 2,200 feet higher in altitude, there are three stamping-mills (these are mills for crushing the rock taken from the mines and separating the ore), and one mile from here, by the road, is Central City; but the railroad, which has to make an ascent of five hundred feet from this point, turns quickly about, and by the "switch-back" method makes several tangents, leaps the two principal streets of the city on iron bridges, and at last, after making a distance four miles from Blackhawk, lands us away up on the rugged side of Mammoth Hill, overlooking the entire gulch. Unfortunately a sudden shower came upon us just as we commenced this zigzag, necessitating the dropping of the curtains of our observation-cars and preventing a good view or a realization of the hazardousness of the situation, which makes most travelers hold their breath as they go over this track for the first time.

Central City is more like my preconceived ideas of a mining town than any I have seen. Rough, barren and rocky, with no green thing in sight, built around the sides of the mountains, one street above another, one wonders how even the greed for gold can make one contented here. Yet it is seldom you meet with an old settler, in any of these western towns, no matter how forlorn the situation, who will not claim

that his particular location has some advantages over any other in the United States. A bright boy, however, who was a volunteer guide to a few of us who walked from Central City down to Blackhawk, and who informed me that his father was killed in a mine nine years ago, and that his mother had lived in Central City sixteen years, was free to express his disgust with the surroundings. "Your miners make good pay here, do they not?" we asked. "Yes, but it costs like thunder to live here. Why, we have to pay thirty-five cents a barrel for water!" I predict that boy will not remain in Central City after he becomes a man.

The Bonanza, the Bobtail and the German are the principal mines now being worked here. About half way from Central City down to Blackhawk is the Bonanza, where a tunnel has been made into the side of the mountain to the depth of five hundred feet, and will be continued as far as ore is found. Our party nearly all passed through this tunnel to see what a mine was like. We next visited the stamping-mills at Blackhawk, and then taking the cars at that station, were soon on our way back to Denver and to Manitou, arriving there late in the evening.

Sunday and Monday were passed in Manitou, and Tuesday morning we again started for South Pueblo, where we took another branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway for a ride through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, the Royal Gorge, and over Marshall

Pass. The first town we reach is Cañon City, forty-one miles from Pueblo, where there is said to be a population of two thousand, though I am beginning to doubt the accuracy of the figures given in regard to these western towns in some instances. The chief industry here is coal mining. Directly we leave Cañon City we begin to penetrate the Grand Cañon, the most wonderful and celebrated of all the cañons of this wonderful region. The Arkansas river, whose sluggish course over the Kansas and Colorado plains we have followed for nearly five hundred miles, here rushes and roars through the narrow confines of its rocky walls, a reckless, foaming torrent. About a mile beyond the entrance of the cañon the opening begins to grow narrower, the lofty walls loftier, and the track is so crooked that the walls seem to close up before and behind. There is barely room between them for the stream and the railroad, which is built close up to the wall on the left bank, until we come to the narrowest portion of the Royal Gorge, where the rocky sides of the chasm are only thirty feet apart, and the track is laid over a bridge running lengthwise of the stream for ten rods, and suspended from steel rafters mortised into the rocks overhead. Here the walls rise vertically nearly 3,000 feet in sublime and awful grandeur. These walls are many hued and beautiful, a red granite being at the foundation. Just after passing this point the train stopped, and the party all assembled on the bridge, where their photographs were taken.

There was a sharp struggle between the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé and the Denver & Rio Grande roads to get possession of this cañon, and the latter company suspended men from the top of the awful precipice while they drove the spikes with which to hang the bridge, and a company of armed men stood on the cliff to prevent any interference with their work. This was done before a foot of the track had been laid.

The whole length of the cañon is eight miles, and the Royal Gorge, or deepest and narrowest portion, is about half the distance. Soon after emerging from the cañon we reach Salida, where we lunch. The valley opens out here, forming a small park, as these mountain plains are called. The scenery is very fine, the beautiful Sangre de Christo range with its snow-patched summits and purple sides ever attracting our admiring gaze. Salida is the junction of the Salt Lake and Gunnison divisions and the Leadville division of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, and has twelve hundred inhabitants. Four miles from Salida we pass Poncha Springs, where there are hot springs said to have valuable medicinal qualities. Six miles farther west, at Mears, we begin the ascent of Marshall Pass, the continental divide, the highest railroad point in America, being 10,760 feet, or more than two miles, above the level of the sea. The road up this ascent is a triumph of engineering skill. The distance from Salida to the Pass is twenty-five miles,

but a direct road would probably be less than two-thirds that distance. The track winds around the sides of the successive mountains, back and forth, till sometimes we look down upon four parallel lines of the road, and ever as we turn westward the snowy summit of Mt. Ouray rises before us. The views as we climb upward are grand beyond description. Mountains to the right of us, mountains to the left of us, mountains before us, mountains beneath us, in billowy forms and varying colors of brown and red and gray and blue and shining white, the beautiful heights of the long Sangre de Christo (blood of Christ) range in the distance, and we look down into deep ravines filled with snow and away to distant valleys. A large portion of our party have visited the most celebrated mountain scenery in Europe, but they are agreed that nothing surpasses this in grandeur and magnificence. Up we go around the spurs of Mt. Ouray, whose snow-crowned summit, 14,043 feet high, towers above us, till we at length reach the divide. Here we all leave the cars for a few moments, and then start down the western slope, whose waters find their way at last to the Pacific Ocean. Long snow-sheds conceal the view a good portion of the way, there being six miles of them in all, but we get glimpses of precipitous depths, of wild and rugged peaks. The railroad makes loops and zigzags as on the other side, and the Tomichi creek flows swiftly along a large portion of our way. It is seventeen miles to Sar-

gent's, which we reach about dark, and after supper spend the night in our sleeping-berths on the track. Some of the dwellers here, who are mostly railroad hands, amuse themselves by lighting a big bonfire and firing off a few shots after we retire, perhaps to frighten the timid ones. This road runs to Salt Lake City, but in the early morning we retrace our way over the divide to Salida, where we switch off upon the Leadville track. Of our visit to this most important mining town in America, I will write in my next.

CHAPTER V.

LEADVILLE.— LA VETA PASS.— OVER RATON MOUNTAIN TO NEW MEXICO.

LEADVILLE is sixty-two miles from Salida and the road makes a gradual ascent from that point until we reach the town, 10,025 feet above the sea. The College range of mountains soon comes into view on our left, and for the whole distance the scenery is grand and beautiful. Leadville is situated on a plateau, with lofty, snow-covered mountains to be seen on every hand. We arrived about 3 P. M., and were taken in omnibuses a mile or more about the unattractive outskirts of the town before reaching the main street and our hotel. The shabby, forlorn-looking shanties, many of them vacant, the rusty tin cans and other *debris* scattered about the dirty, dusty, streets, made the term "God-forsaken" especially appropriate. As we reached the business part of the town, however, the aspect of the buildings improved, and there were some very neat residences and excellent stores. I have seen no markets since we came West more attractive than those of Leadville, and one dry-goods store that I entered was as well if not better stocked than any store in Manchester. There are nice brick school buildings with graded schools,

and Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Christian and Catholic churches. The story is told how a minister here was annoyed one Sunday by the hammering in a blacksmith-shop close by, and sent a man out to request the blacksmith to desist from work till after the meeting, as the noise disturbed the service. To this the smith replied that he must work, as "he had agreed to shoe the deacon's horse while he was at church."

A building on a street corner has a gothic porch with the sign, "The Little Church Around the Corner," but it is manifest that something quite other than the gospel is dispensed there. The same grim humor that puts the sign of a church over a drinking-saloon crops out here in numerous ways. One of the most prominent gambling-saloons in the city, which some of our party visited during the evening under escort of the chief of police, has a large, open Bible on a high desk close by the entrance, and the well-thumbed leaves show that it has often been handled, and we were assured that it is much read. Across the face of the clock on the wall above are the words in large letters, "Please don't swear." Several games of poker and faro were in progress here, and although we couldn't "tell t'other from which" we saw a pile of gold coins change hands very quickly while we looked on. We also visited a saloon on another street where the sign "Free Beer" was over the entrance, and a dance hall was connected with the

saloon. A piano and violin furnished music for a quadrille, the dancing-room, which was separated from the front part by a low fence, being sufficient for only one set. The girls who participated in this dance all wore print aprons of the style called "tiërs," reaching nearly to the bottom of their skirts, and tied low down with broad strings. Two of them wore straw hats, one wore a jockey cap, and the head of the other was not covered. The men all wore hats and had pipes or cigars in their mouths while dancing. It was a rough-looking crowd truly, but I have seen harder faces, both of men and women, far remote from the frontier.

Apropos of a rough crowd, some of us were quite amused at the remark of the colored porter of our sleeping-car. As we left the train at the Leadville station he was asked if he would take care of the wraps and bags remaining in the car. Mindful of the reputed desperate character of the denizens of Leadville, and the possibility that unaided he would not be able to cope with any plunderers who might assail, he cautiously replied: "Me and God will take care of them."

The mines of Leadville, from which over seventeen million dollars in bullion were taken in 1882, a greater amount than in any previous year, were an object of interest to many, and several of our party went down a shaft to see how the mines were worked. There are fifteen smelting and reduction

works, besides foundries, machine-shops, etc., and it takes six banks to handle the money.

The aspect of Leadville is that of a place where people come to make money and not to make homes, and little is done toward beautifying or improving the residences or streets; yet if the residents there expected to remain, and had faith in its future, the same money and taste expended that have made Denver beautiful would render Leadville extremely attractive. I am glad I have seen Leadville, but one visit is enough.

We left this most elevated town in North America about half past ten P. M., reaching South Pueblo Thursday in season for breakfast. Our narrow-gauge sleeping-car berths are not "as wide as a door nor as deep as a well, but they will do" — better than none, and what we lack in space we make up in fun over the situation.

At South Pueblo we take the Durango & Silverton branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway for a trip to La Veta Pass. We were originally booked for Silverton instead of Leadville, but the snow was still so deep at the former place it was not considered safe to take an excursion train there, and so we missed the wonderful scenery of the Toltec Gorge.

The La Veta Pass is at the south end of the beautiful Sangre de Christo range, at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet. Our course is south from Pueblo to Cucharas, fifty miles, thence in a southwesterly direc-

tion along Cucharas river to La Veta at the base of La Veta Mountain, where we begin the ascent, the average grade for twenty-one and one-half miles being two hundred and eleven feet to the mile. The lovely Spanish Peaks are to the south of us, the Sangre de Christo before us, and, as we ascend, the huge barren mass of La Veta Mountain grows more and more stupendous, and, as our course winds, new outlines continually present themselves. We make the Mule Shoe curve at the head of the glen, — the most abrupt curve known to railroad engineering, — and wind our serpentine course around the sides of Dump Mountain and, reaching the summit, or Inspiration Point, our panting iron steed pauses and we all leave the car to gaze upon the scene before us, — a scene so grandly beautiful that one enthusiastic gazer declared this one view was worth coming the whole distance to see. As no words of mine could convey any idea of the magnificent panorama, I forbear the attempt. A mile farther brings us to the summit of the pass, more and more mountains coming into view as we rise, and at the top we all get out and drink of the ice-cold water drawn from the well, and gather little souvenirs of the place.

Returning to La Veta we proceed to El Moro, where the Denver & Rio Grande meets the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé road. We pass the night here in our sleeping-cars and Friday morning early proceed on our way southward to Santa Fé over the

Raton Pass, which is the border land between Colorado and New Mexico. A few miles from El Moro is Trinidad, at the foot of Raton Mountain, an old Mexican town, the center of a large mining business and cattle trade. The whole country here seems to be underlaid with coal.

It is fifteen miles from Trinidad to the tunnel at the summit of Raton Pass, and I sit on the rear platform as we ascend and look for the last time upon Colorado. The morning is clear and cool, the deep blue of the sky occasionally flecked by fleecy clouds. Nearly a hundred miles away tower the twin crests of my beautiful Spanish Peaks, radiant as when they first met the sight on the morning of our entrance into Colorado. Now as I gaze upon them for the last time, through this bright morning air, their shadowy portions blue in the far distance, new radiance seems to break from their snowy summits, and instinctively recur the words of the Psalmist: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

The grade of the road over Raton Mountain is one hundred and ninety-five feet to the mile, and the course is a comparatively straight one, following the "old Santa Fé trail." A courteous and communicative brakeman, who shared with me the rear platform of the train, pointed out the great square adobe house of "Uncle" Dick Wootton, who discovered this trail, and who used to take toll of all who passed over it;

also was pointed out the "Devil's Gap" where the followers of Dick Turpin likewise took toll, and sometimes murdered their victims.

As the brakeman noted the marked contrast of the weather this fine morning with the snow-storm which attended the previous Raymond party, I was reminded of the remark of the colored porter of our sleeping-car, — who had been detailed to go into the mountains with each of the excursions, but was not sufficiently impressed by the scenery to be oblivious to bodily comfort, — that he had "no use for a country where it snows in the middle of the summer."

The brakeman was enthusiastic over the beneficial effects of Colorado air. He had been a semi-invalid all his life, but had come here from the *East* two years ago and had found new life and strength. "From what part of the East did you come?" I asked. "From Iowa," was the reply. And we recalled the lines of Pope: —

> "Where is the North?
> At York 'tis on the Tweed."

Great, indeed, is Colorado! great in her vast area, great in her boundless plains, great in her exhaustless mines, great in her matchless mountain parks, great in her salubrious air and health-giving springs, greatest and grandest in her wondrous scenery. We may read of a chain of mountains three thousand miles in length and three hundred miles in width without being greatly impressed, but enter into this vast Rocky

Mountain region, climb any of the passes traversed by the Denver & Rio Grande railways, and see as far as the eye can reach in all directions mountain range upon mountain range, peak beyond peak, in all their varied forms, and diverse hues of brown or gray or blue or snowy white, as they may be near or remote, note the broad parks or table-lands, level as a prairie, between the ranges, some of them large enough to hold the state of New Hampshire, and we begin to have some conception of the immensity of this backbone of the continent. The hardy pioneers who, led by the thirst for gold, first explored these mountain fastnesses builded better than they knew. They not only paved the way for untold additions to the material resources of the country, but for the opening up to the knowledge and reach of mankind of a new world of transcendent grandeur and sublimity.

When we emerged from the half-mile tunnel near the summit of Raton Mountain we were in New Mexico, at once the oldest and the newest part of our country. Raton, where we stopped for breakfast, is at the foot of the Raton Mountain, yet 6,686 feet above the sea level. The population, some twenty-five hundred, is largely made up of the employés of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, which has extensive repair-shops here. Raton is also the center of a large coal-mining industry. From Raton to Las Vegas, one hundred and fourteen miles, we had an uninterrupted mountain view on the west and limitless

plains on the east. Large flocks of sheep were feeding on these plains. New Mexico has more sheep than any other state or territory in the Union. At Las Vegas we switched off on a branch road five miles to Las Vegas Hot Springs where we spent an hour. These springs are noted for their medicinal virtues and the place is much resorted to for the sake of the baths, prominent among which are the mud baths for the cure of skin diseases. An elegant hotel here was burned last winter, but a new one is in course of erection on a more commanding site.

Soon after leaving Las Vegas the soil begins to assume a terra-cotta hue and the hills are clothed with trees of pine, piñon and cedar, their dark green color being in pleasing contrast to the red soil. The scenery is more varied and interesting, and the blue and purple mountains, flecked with flying cloud shadows in the afternoon light, are very beautiful. Starvation Peak is a prominent point in the landscape. It is a conical-shaped mountain, standing by itself, the apex being crowned with a parapet of solid rock. From the summit gleam two crosses. These crosses are to commemorate a party of Mexicans who were driven to this mountain by Indians and were there, while looking down upon their own irrigated fields, surrounded till they perished of starvation and thirst. The road makes many windings and turnings, as it ascends Glorieta Mountain, and this lone peak may be seen for a long distance as we look behind us. Not

far south of Starvation Peak is a long elevation of about the same height as that mountain, thrown up in form like an earthwork, a straight wall of solid rock surmounting the whole length.

The ruins of the old Pecos church, the subject of numerous legends, are pointed out on our right, on the former site of the Pueblo of the Pecos. The Spaniards came here in 1536, and, as they made converts with the sword, it is probable this church was built not long after. The site of the ancient village was a beautiful one, on a ridge in the valley of the Pecos, but only these ruined walls and a mass of debris remain to mark the spot. Having passed Glorieta we descend through the Apache Cañon, one of the wildest and most beautiful we have seen, to Lamy, reaching that point about sunset, and take a branch road, running eighteen miles northward to Santa Fé, where, after four days and nights of constant travel, we are glad to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

SANTA FÉ.

SANTA Fé is very old. Everything in it, except the Palace Hotel and a few other modern buildings, is very ancient also. It is the oldest town in America. The Aztecs lived here in 1325, and nobody knows how much earlier. The Spaniards came in 1583, nearly twenty years after their occupation of St. Augustine. They killed off all the Indians who would not become converts to the true faith, and thus all the Pueblo Indians in this region are nominally Catholics. These Spaniards built "the oldest church" in 1640, the church of San Miguel, which was destroyed by Indians, but rebuilt in 1710, and it is still used for worship. It is built of adobe (bricks made of mud, dried in the sun and then plastered together with more of the same mud). Everything here is adobe, except the few modern buildings before mentioned, — the houses, the fences, the floors, the streets. Some of the people look as if they were adobe, too. You can't tell by the appearance whether an adobe house is ten years old or a century.

The only *palace* in the United States is in Santa Fé. It is three centuries old, having been built in 1581, it is said, by the Indians, from material taken from

an Indian pueblo. Its adobe walls are five feet thick. It is on one side of the plaza, or public square. It is one story high, with flat roof, and is built around a central court or *placita*. A veranda or *portál*, as it is called, extends the whole length of the building on the street sides. It was a palace of the Pueblos before the Spanish conquest of the Mexicans after they separated from the Spanish crown, and has been occupied by the chief ruler of the territory, to whatever nationality it owed allegiance, down to its present occupant, Gov. Lionel A. Sheldon. This old palace is full of historic interest. It has withstood many stormy sieges, has been the prison of many important personages, and doubtless many dark crimes have been perpetrated within its walls.

The plaza is a small public square, containing a few trees and a soldiers' monument, and covered with alfalfa, whose rich, dark green is in pleasant contrast to the ever prevailing adobe. The soldiers' monument commemorates those who fell in the war of the Rebellion, and also those who died in contests with the Indians. The inscription on one side reads: "To the heroes of the Federal army who fell at the battle of Valverde, fought with the Rebels, Feb. 21, 1862." This is said to be the only soldiers' monument in the country on which the word "Rebels" is inscribed, and this has it on three faces. From the plaza as a center the narrow, straggling streets, lined with low adobe houses, radiate in all directions.

Nearly all the houses are built after the same style as the palace, one story, flat roof, one room wide, around a central placita, a portál extending on all the street sides. Originally there were no windows looking on the street, and there are still no doors, a gateway only leading to the placita. Some of the houses are plastered on the outside, and those are not ill-looking. In many of the placitas there are gardens, flowers, shrubbery and fruits. Several of our party are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Stark, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Santa Fé, for escort about the town, and for valuable information. Santa Fé is a military post, and the soldiers' quarters are quite near the Palace Hotel, where we are staying. We visited the ruins of old Fort Marcy on the hill, which was erected by Gen. Kearney in 1846, on the site of the encampment of De Vargas in 1693, and from this point obtained a good view of the town. The flat adobe roofs below us look like beds of dried-up ponds. The old Spanish arsenal near by is now occupied as a dwelling by some old women. We found them crouched on the sun-baked earth, their bare feet looking the color and texture of an elephant's hide, tattered shawls partly covering the gray hair that straggled over their dull, deep-wrinkled, leathery faces, which lighted up wonderfully, however, when one of the ladies dropped a coin in their palms.

The "oldest house in America" is a long, low, adobe hut, on a narrow street on the banks of the Santa Fé river, about the door of which several

women and children were grouped as we approached. These Mexican women all have fine eyes, and some of the children are quite pretty. One child in arms, some ten months old, had such a sweet, winning smile as to call forth much admiration, seeing which a woman near by darted into an adjoining hut and brought out her own infant, a few weeks old, for our inspection. She also invited us to enter her hut. This, which is a sample of many others, was not more than ten or twelve feet square, the rough adobe wall the same inside and out, the door so low that we had to stoop to enter it, and make one downward step to the floor, which was only the hardened earth, as firm and smooth as concrete. One small window less than two feet square was near the roof. A sort of mattress, on which several children were huddled, lay in one corner, a Catholic picture hung upon the wall, and that was about all the "furniture" in the room. The house looked clean, however, and the absence of any utensils or means of cooking is explained by the fact that all cooking is done out of doors, in the conical, or beehive-shaped, adobe ovens.

Besides the church of San Miguel there is another very old church here, that of San Francisco. Around and over this, completely inclosing it, is now being constructed an elegant cathedral of sandstone, which will cost $150,000. It has been some fifteen years in building, but the walls are not yet quite completed. It shuts out the sun to that degree that the candles,

always to be found in Catholic churches, seem to serve a useful purpose as well as a symbolic one. This church, as well as that of San Miguel, is long and narrow inside, the rough adobe walls uncovered, but there is an attempt at decoration of the cross-beams supporting the roof. The altar niche and those devoted to Jesus and the Virgin have the usual array of images, pictures, candles, paper flowers, *et cetera*. The pictures are said to be *very* old. I don't doubt it. Everything here, as I have before intimated, is very old. Even a picture of Washington, which hangs in the convent, one of the nuns assured a lady visitor, is two hundred and fifty years old! Some of the Mexicans you meet on the streets look as if they must be about the same age. I presume it is the effect of the climate, but such deep wrinkles I never saw in the human face before.

The Santa Fé river, a shallow stream, runs through the town, crossing several streets; but the only bridges are foot-bridges, and our first experience in fording, which was after dark on the night of our arrival, took us all by surprise. It is a curious sight to see the burros (small donkeys), with great loads of wood almost as large as themselves tied upon their backs, plodding along the streets. These seem to be the universal beasts of burden here, and it is said they subsist mainly on tin cans and paper. A lady upon whom we called said she pasted a piece of paper over a broken window-pane, which soon disappeared, and

she reprimanded her children for having, as she supposed, torn it off; but again covering the broken pane, she not long after discovered the real culprit, a meek-eyed burro, in the very act of pulling the paper from the glass.

The most charming spot in Santa Fé is the bishop's garden, where is grown in great luxuriance every kind of fruit that can be made to thrive in this climate. The soil is very fertile here, and only requires irrigation to yield most abundantly. Peaches, apricots, pears, plums, cherries and grapes are produced in enormous quantities, in some of the orchards the trees being set so close together that their branches touch each other.

The Rt. Rev. John B. Lamy, the archbishop of a Catholic diocese embracing all New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona, has his headquarters in Santa Fé, having been here since 1850, and is said to be a progressive man who is doing much for the advancement of his people, and it is through his energy and influence that the new cathedral previously mentioned, the Brothers' College, which is largely attended, the Sisters' School, Orphan Asylum and other institutions have been established, which are making Santa Fé one of the great centers of Catholic education and influence.

I have before me the second annual catalogue of the University of New Mexico, incorporated May 11, 1881. It is of interest to New Hampshire readers

from the fact that the Rev. H. O. Ladd, for several years principal of the New Hampshire Normal School at Plymouth, is at its head, and was the prime mover in its establishment. It is a missionary enterprise, and Prof. Ladd's whole soul is devoted to the work. Its chief help has come from the Congregational churches at the East, through Prof. Ladd's personal solicitations, and it will need much more assistance before it becomes self-sustaining. The school began three years ago in a little adobe house, with half a dozen pupils; it now has a three-story brick building, with the nucleus of a library and laboratory, and the number of pupils enrolled last year was ninety-eight. There are primary, intermediate and academic grades.

Prof. Ladd having become greatly interested in the Pueblo Indians, several villages of whom are located near Santa Fé, has been studying how to do something for their advancement. He visited the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn., but it did not seem to him that the instruction there was the best for these people, as those who are educated there are coldly received on their return to their own race, and have learned such different habits of life that their influence is less effective than if they had not been so far removed from their old associates. He has planned, therefore, a school at Santa Fé, where these Indians may be taught enough of the elementary branches to render them intelligent, and given thorough instruction in

the industrial arts, as shoemaking, carpentering, blacksmithing, housekeeping, etc., and still not be removed from their own people, so that as they advance their influence will be continually exercised upon those around them. Mr. Ladd communicated with the Indian commissioner upon the subject, and has received assurances of government aid, and it is possible his philanthropic project will ere long have opportunity for development.

A place of great interest to all tourists is an old curiosity shop on San Francisco street. Here is such a collection as can be found nowhere else,—Indian pottery of the most grotesque forms, old swords and daggers, old costumes, Indian, Spanish and Mexican, old utensils and an illimitable quantity of curiosities, natural and manufactured, that all are free to examine at their leisure. Other places, from which visitors seldom go away empty-handed, are the jewelry shops, where the most exquisite silver and gold Mexican filigree jewelry is manufactured and sold. The beauty and fineness of the filigree work are marvelous.

I think we were all surprised to find it so cool here. I expected the weather would be hot, but need an extra wrap as I sit in my room to write. Santa Fé is seven thousand feet above the sea level, and the altitude offsets the southern latitude, so that the climate is cool and equable the year round. The town is protected by hills from the winds on all sides except the north.

There is much of fascinating interest in this curious old place, so unlike anything we have known before, of which I have not time to write. The town is unique, but through the influence of the railroad and the all-conquering Yankee it will, before many years lose the distinctive characteristics which now constitute its chief interest and charm to the traveler, and those who would see the oldest town in America in something of its pristine state should not delay too long.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM SANTA FÉ TO LOS ANGELES.

WE left Santa Fé Monday morning, May 19, bound for Deming, where the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé road makes a junction with the Southern Pacific. It proved rather a blue Monday for some of our party, Shortly after entering the cars we learned that there had been a washout on the banks of the Rio Grande, which was liable to delay our train for several hours, and also that some of the trunks, which had been transferred from the hotel at a very early hour, had been jolted off the wagon into the stream in crossing, and their contents pretty thoroughly saturated. Then "there was hurrying to and fro," and the long baggage-car was immediately transformed into a laundry. Fortunately, ours was a special train and the car contained only baggage belonging to the party, which left considerable room for the suspension of clothes-lines and the wringing-out and drying process. Not being one of the victims I was affected only sympathetically by the accident, and there was a comic side which the sufferers themselves did not fail to see, and they generally joined in the merriment which their labors and the display of linen called forth.

Our first stop was at Wallace's, a railroad town about fifty miles from Santa Fé, where we had lunch brought from Kansas City. The station was thronged with Pueblo Indians — men, women and children — bearing specimens of their pottery and bits of turquoise for sale. There is a turquoise mine but a few miles from here, which was worked by the Spaniards two hundred years ago, from which it is said a part of the crown jewels of Spain were obtained. These Indians had their legs swathed in buckskin till they looked like stumps, and wore blankets more or less tattered and dirty over their shoulders. They all wore "bangs." Noble Prentis says the Pueblo Indian is the inventor of the bang. At all events, those we saw, except the chief, had their coarse black hair cut square across the forehead even with the eyebrows. The chief's was parted in the middle and tied behind with a red string. He wore a gray flannel shirt also.

Learning that it would be some hours before the break would be repaired, our train went on a couple of miles to a point near the village where these Indians live, affording us an opportunity to see them at home. Their houses are made of adobe, two stories high, the second story retreating from the first like a terrace, and entrance is made by climbing a ladder to the top of the first story and entering "up-stairs" by a door. On the roof of the first story in many cases are adobe ovens where the occupants do their cooking, and here are kept most of

their utensils. Some of the houses have a door in the lower story, however, and into one of these we looked. The interior was whitewashed and the adobe floor was swept clean; a pile of beans lay on one side of the room, a gun hung on the wall, and on the floor at one end of the room was a large trough divided into two compartments, in one of which was a slab of hard rock on which the women grind their corn with a rolling-pin. One of them ground vigorously for a few minutes to show us how it was done. It is estimated that there are a thousand Indians in this village, though no one seems to know exactly. If the dogs are counted in, I don't think the estimate can be too low. These Indians generally speak the Spanish language as well as their own, and are nominally Catholics. They have an old church here, adobe like the rest, but it only receives an occasional visit from some priest. We went to take a look at the church but found it locked, and looking up the janitor, he pretended that some one had the key who was gone away. A quarter placed in his palm proved an open sesame, however, and the door was soon unfastened. The church is long and narrow. It has a bell and a cross upon the top. Before the door there is a pavement of pebbles of different colors arranged in circles. In the interior there is an altar with images and candlesticks which look as if several centuries must have elapsed since they were new. A confessional box is on one side, and the janitor, to whom we talked through an interpreter who accom-

panied us from Wallace's, asked if any of us "wanted to confess." At our request he made a speech in his own language, which, however, our interpreter could not translate. Some little sticks in the form of a cross, which were leaning against the wall, were used, he said, to stick in the ground when they wanted it to rain. As we were caught in a shower while there, we concluded some one had been practicing with them that day. These Pueblo Indians are farmers, and keep cattle, hogs and hens. The stockades where their cattle are corraled were near by. The women make pottery of various forms and sizes, on which there is a crude attempt at decoration.

After dinner at Wallace's our train had orders to move on to San Antonio, about one hundred and twenty-five miles, where we passed the night in the cars, crossing one washout, which had been repaired, but with another ahead of us, fifteen miles farther on, near San Marcial. There are two small hotels at San Antonio, which were able to supply our party with breakfast. The landlady, who was an intelligent woman from the East, said she never realized what the Bible meant by a "dry and thirsty land" until she came to New Mexico. We could appreciate this, notwithstanding we were detained twenty-four hours on our journey by an overflow of the Rio Grande. This stream has very shallow banks, and only a slight rise is required to produce an overflow. The snow melting on the mountains was the cause of the present flood.

It was half-past ten before we received orders to move, and when we reached the wash-out the bridge was not quite completed. The stream, which was greatly swollen, had forced a new channel under the railroad track. Men had been at work day and night for three days constructing a bridge, two pile-drivers being employed, and it was one o'clock when we at length crossed the swirling, seething torrent. Ours was the first train to cross, having precedence of the regular train. No dinner at San Marcial, travelers going the other way having eaten everything out clean, so on we speed to Deming, one hundred and twenty-five miles farther. The country through which we passed from Santa Fé to San Marcial is a level one, but there is a low range of mountains in sight nearly all the way, and there are cultivated fields and vineyards occasionally seen on the banks of the Rio Grande, and trees on the borders of the stream. But soon after passing Valverde, a short distance from San Marcial, we leave the course of the river and strike the dreariest part of our journey. The earth is the color of ashes and seemingly swept up into little heaps or knolls, with sage-bush scattered over it and relieving the utter monotony of the desert through which we pass for the next eighty miles. This sage-bush grows from one to two feet high, and in color looks like our garden sage, but I see little other resemblance. Occasionally we pass ragged heaps of black, volcanic rocks; indeed, all the hills we have seen since leaving Santa Fé have signs of

volcanic origin. The desert journey has been called the "Journey of Death," from the fact that emigrants who used to cross before the railroad was built were often massacred by Indians at the only spring to be found within the eighty miles.

At Rincon, seventy-five miles from San Marcial, is the junction of the El Paso branch of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, which connects with the Mexican Central Railroad. We reached Deming, but a few miles from the Mexican boundary line, about sunset, and after supper took sleeping-cars on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and arrived in Tucson, Arizona, Wednesday morning about seven o'clock for breakfast. We had half an hour to look about us here. The sight of the hotel garden, after our long ride through the desert, was a real treat. Tucson is the largest town in the territory, having a population of nearly ten thousand. As the principal part of the town is some distance from the station we did not see much of it, but it looked very pleasant where we were. A gentleman whom we met, however, who was asked by one of our party if he lived there, was evidently homesick, as he answered, "No, I live in *God's* country."

Our course through the Arizona desert to Yuma was much more pleasing than that through the "Journey of Death." Flowers were everywhere along the way, of numberless varieties and great beauty; cacti of many kinds, some of them huge, bristling pillars, twenty to thirty feet high, the

bayonet-pointed leaves of the yucca plant with its tall spikes of white flowers, and many other strange growths greeted our eyes. There is little doubt that this soil, if cultivated and irrigated, would be wonderfully productive.

At Casa Grande station a crowd of Indians gathered around, upon whom were bestowed the remains of various lunch-bags, much to their delectation. Bangs and dirt were the prevailing fashion among them, and all wore beads.

We arrived at Yuma at sunset. During the afternoon we were in sight of the Castellated and Purple ranges of mountains, crossing the former. Approaching Yuma we came in view of the Colorado river, and its luxuriant green banks bordered with trees, in vivid contrast to the desert through which we had passed, the beautiful color upon the purple hills in the waning afternoon light, the gardens with tall hollyhocks and other gorgeous flowers as we neared the station, made our entrance to "the hottest place in the country" something extremely pleasant to remember.

The noble red man was here to welcome our arrival. The air was soft and warm and he didn't need clothes, and so he put on paint instead. He used the primary colors — red, yellow and blue — in full brilliancy. One squaw was gorgeous in a piece of bright yellow cotton cloth drawn about her shoulders, streaks of yellow paint on her banged hair, and spots of red and blue paint on cheeks and chin. She was

selling knickknacks to the crowd. One tall brave wore a coat and nothing more — except his paint — and another was equally sumptuously attired in a shirt. Some had more clothing, others less, but all wore paint and bangs. These Yumas are the tallest Indians we have seen anywhere, and bring to mind the description of the red man learned in our earliest study of history. The other residents of Yuma are chiefly Mexicans. Fort Yuma, on the banks of the Colorado, has been occupied by United States troops until recently.

Apropos of the climate here, it is related that a wicked soldier, who died and went to the place where the wicked are supposed to find the weather sufficiently warm, returned to Yuma the following night after his blanket, his new quarters being too cool after his experience at the fort.

After supper at the station dining-rooms (the first *poor* meal we have had at a railroad eating-room since we left home) we strolled about for half an hour, looking at the sunset or the Indians, and, then, re-entering the cars, crossed the river into California. During the night we passed through a sandy desert, going below the level of the sea, and when we looked out the next morning we were near Colton station, in a country where there were grass and grain and trees,—a glad sight to eyes so long unused to verdure. Some sixty miles farther on is Los Angeles, which we reached about eight o'clock on the 22d, where we are to sojourn several days.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOS ANGELES.

LOS Angeles is the chief city of southern California, and perhaps is best known at the East as a winter resort for invalids. It is the center of a wonderful fruit-growing region, the Los Angeles and San Gabriel valleys abounding in orange groves and vineyards. It has a population of about twenty-five thousand, has two flour-mills, a large woolen-mill, foundries, kerosene-oil refineries, railroad shops and various other industries. It has plenty of churches, schools, newspapers, an elegant new opera-house, etc.; what it chiefly lacks, in the eyes of the tourist, is somebody who knows how to keep a hotel. It is very pleasantly situated, a portion of the town being on high ground overlooking an extensive country of beautiful and varied landscape.

It was a lovely summer day when we arrived in Los Angeles, and the semi-tropical growths, the graceful, fringe-like foliage of the pepper trees, the balmy odors of the eucalyptus, the delicate verdure of the acacias, the dark, rich, glossy green of the orange and lemon trees, the feathery palms and the bayonet-leaved yuccas, the luxuriant cypress hedges, and, above all, the magnificent climbing roses and other

beautiful and brilliant hued flowers growing lavishly in every garden, made a scene altogether new and delightful, and, coming upon it so suddenly, it seemed to us almost fairy-like. There has been an extraordinary amount of rainfall in California the past season, showers occurring daily almost up to the time of our arrival, so that everything is fresh and bright. The barley and wheat (the main field crops) are being harvested. Many wealthy people have their winter home in Los Angeles, the temperature being remarkably equable and delightful, and it is claimed that the summers are not oppressive, the nights being always cool. We certainly have not found the heat too great during our stay. There are many beautiful residences here, with charming grounds, surrounded by thick cypress hedges, the streets lined with long rows of pepper and eucalyptus trees. The late Joseph A. Dodge of Plymouth, manager of the B., C. & M. Railroad, purchased a house here a few months before his death, and Mrs. Dodge has spent the past winter here. I had the pleasure of a visit to her charming house and grounds in company with herself and daughter, the latter being a member of our party. The place is quite new, yet there are a grove of fifty orange trees, with apricots, peaches, pears and other fruits growing, a beautiful green lawn and shrubbery, the loveliest roses and honeysuckles and ivies about the veranda, and a wealth of floral beauty and perfume, and a hedge such as is never seen in the East.

Among the most notable residences here is that of Mrs. Longstreet. Her house is an elegant one, and the grounds very extensive, and adorned with every kind of tree and flower that can be grown here. The driveway from the street, some fifteen or twenty rods in extent, besides a row of palms has a border of verbenas several feet in width, extending the whole distance on each side, affording such a mass of lovely bloom as to call forth exclamations of delighted admiration.

There are charming drives in the vicinity of Los Angeles. Ever to be remembered is that to the orange groves and vineyards of Sierra Madre Villa, Pasadena and San Gabriel. To say that the day was bright and beautiful would only be repeating what might be said of nearly all the days of our journey. But this stands out as more soft and bright and beautiful than most others. We are in —

> "The land where the lemon trees bloom,
> Where the gold orange grows in the deep thicket's gloom,
> Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,"

so it seems to us, till we recall what has been told us about storms and floods the past season, when houses were carried down the Los Angeles river and the streets were impassable, and we know that the "blue heaven" must sometimes be obscured. Only the lightest and fleeciest of clouds partially veil the azure to-day, however, and the soft air, not too warm, is heavy with the perfume of orange blossoms, of roses

and heliotropes and a thousand other fragrant flowers, as we take our way through Pasadena amid orange groves or vineyards on either hand, or, entering flower-bordered driveways of private grounds, approach beautiful villas decked in blossoming vines and surrounded by gardens of gorgeous bloom.

Sierra Madre Villa, "beautiful for situation," eighteen hundred feet above the sea, with the rugged, rocky Sierra Madre Mountains rising precipitously behind it, overlooks the whole valley of Los Angeles, Wilmington and Santa Monica, with thousands of acres of vineyards and orange groves stretching away before it to the sea. The grounds about the hotel are beautifully laid out, with lawns, flower-beds, shrubbery, fountains, etc. With fifty acres of orange trees, there are many other fruits, — lemons, olives, dates, limes, figs, peaches, pears, apricots, pomegranates. The last are just in blossom, and the rich vermilion tint of the petals against the dark glossy leaves is very beautiful. We are given full permission to pluck and eat of the fruit of the trees before us, and not one of the trees of the garden is forbidden to these sons and daughters of Eve. It is wonderful how elastic the human stomach sometimes becomes. There can be no better conditions for testing its capacity than such as environ us, and to appreciate the full deliciousness of ripe oranges one must pluck and eat as we did.

The vineyard at Sierra Madre, over fifty acres in extent, has been recently planted; indeed, only a few

years ago the whole place now so fruitful was a sage-bush desert, but the facilities for irrigation are unsurpassed, water being abundantly obtained from the cañon in the mountains near, and stored in a large reservoir a half-mile back of the house. In all the vineyards the vines are cut back each year to about a foot and a half in height, so that they grow without support and are dwarf trees rather than vines. The average annual product amounts to a dollar a vine.

Leaving Sierra Madre Villa we soon approached the possessions of L. J. Rose, through whose farm of twenty-three hundred acres our road extends a long distance. Mr. Rose is well known to horsemen as a breeder of fast trotters, and is the owner of the famous Sultan, the sire of Sweetheart and Eva. He has now one hundred and fifteen horses and colts, mostly colts from one to three years of age, and we saw quite a number of them feeding in the pasture. His best ones, however, were in the stables, and were cheerfully exhibited to our party when we arrived there. Mr. Rose has nine hundred and eighty acres of vineyard,—many of the vines being four to six inches in diameter, —and two hundred acres of orange trees. There are eighty trees to the acre, or sixteen thousand in all. These trees are older than those at Sierra Madre, and their fruit, if possible, more delicious. When Mr. Rose came here twenty years ago he was worth about two thousand dollars. The little adobe house (not much larger than the box-stall where Sul-

tan is quartered), in which Mr. Rose and wife lived when they first came here, still stands and is carefully preserved by its owner. Mr. Rose is of the firm of Stern & Rose, wine manufacturers, and a visit to the winerooms was included in our trip.

San Gabriel is nine miles southwestward from Los Angeles. Here was the old San Gabriel mission, established in 1771, and the old adobe mission church still stands. The first orange grove ever planted in California is near here. The ride homeward is over a different road from that of the morning, but is scarcely less pleasant. We pass on our way a vineyard of fifteen hundred acres but recently planted, and many pleasant-looking homes with lovely surroundings greet the eye. The hills are beautiful in the afternoon light. On some of them flocks of sheep are feeding, attended by a shepherd. Attached to one shepherd dog was a coyote, which was being trained to watch sheep. It is said the coyotes are equal to the best dogs for this purpose when well trained. Such a lovely drive could not be other than enjoyable even if taken alone, but when in company with a big carriage full of people determined upon being as merry and happy as possible, it lacked no element of completeness, and I realized as we alighted in Los Angeles that the sun was setting upon one of the most delightful days I had ever known.

Santa Monica is a noted beach resort, eighteen miles from Los Angeles, by the Los Angeles & Independence Railroad; and here we obtained our first

view of the blue Pacific, and realized that we had indeed crossed the continent. The beach is one of the finest on the Pacific coast. It is almost perfectly straight for about a mile, then makes a regular curve at either end. There is a high, precipitous bluff overhanging the beach, which is reached by a long flight of steps. On the bluff the hotels and residences are located on a straight street with grassy borders, shaded by eucalyptus trees, and commanding an expansive view of the ocean. The surf-bathing is excellent and is indulged in at all seasons of the year. It is a delightful place for those who seek rest and recreation by the "sounding sea." This is a new country and there are no mythical old legends of mermaids and sea-serpents, or other strange and romantic tales to beguile the idle hours; but it is probable that sirens sometimes haunt these shores to lure wandering tourists, as on this theory only can it be explained why one of the most punctual and practical men of the Raymond party should go back to "take another look at the water," and look so long as to "get left."

Evidences that we are on the Pacific coast are the pigtail and slant eyes and flowing sleeves of John Chinaman, who is met everywhere upon the streets in Los Angeles, or performing servant's duties about the hotels and dwellings. We take a walk through the unsavory Chinese quarter, but reserve our investigation of Oriental interiors till we arrive in San Francisco.

It is four hundred and eighty-two miles from Los Angeles to San Francisco by the Southern Pacific road, and about three hundred miles to Madera, where the stage route to the Yosemite Valley begins. The Yosemite trip is not included in our regular excursion, though ample time is arranged for it, and about forty of the party have decided to make it. The stages cannot take us all at once, and so one section went forward yesterday and the rest of us start to-night.

We leave this beautiful "city of the angels" with many happy memories, which hereafter it will delight us to recall, and I shall ever rejoice that I know —

"The land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange grows in the deep thicket's gloom."

CHAPTER IX.

THE YO SEMITE VALLEY.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, in crossing the mountains between the Los Angeles and San Joaquin valleys, has a very difficult course. It makes zigzags and loops, winding around the mountain sides, plunges through seventeen dark tunnels, one of which is more than a mile in length, ascends and descends steep grades, pushes its way through sand-hills, and is liable to frequent obstructions in the way of land-slides. It was after sunset of May 27 when we left Los Angeles, and a large portion of this route was traversed in the night. It was just daybreak when we reached the famous Tehachapi loop. At this loop the track actually crosses itself, there being a difference of seventy-eight feet in the grade where the tracks cross. An hour later we arrived at the tunnel, at the farther extremity of which was the land-slide which had delayed the train for several days, as all passengers and baggage had to be transferred to a train upon the other side. Few of us will soon forget our experience in passing through that tunnel, where we had to feel our way through the intense darkness, without a glimmer of light to guide our devious steps. Pallid faces emerged from the Cimmerian passage,

and tremulous nerves evinced the severity of the strain. After leaving the tunnels and the mountains our route was through a pleasant country, the grassy hillsides dotted with beautiful oak trees, looking almost like orchards in the distance, the wayside bordered with many varieties of lovely wild flowers,— on through the broad and fertile San Joaquin valley, arriving at Madera about 3 P. M., where we remained for the night.

The sun had not yet shown himself above the mountain-tops when the stages drove up to the door next morning. Eager with anticipation we took places for a ride of ninety miles over the mountains to see the world's greatest wonder. Fortunate in having a seat on the box with the driver, there was a delightful exhilaration attending this ride in the early morning hour, while the daylight struggled with and finally conquered the night, and the roseate tints in the eastern sky vanished in the glory of the full-orbed King of Day.

Our attention was early attracted to a V-shaped flume or sluiceway, supported on trestles, through which flowed a stream of water. This flume is fifty-eight miles long, extending up into the mountain forests where a saw-mill is in operation, and the lumber is floated down this sluiceway to the railroad at Madera. About five miles from Madera our road enters a cattle ranche of fifty-six thousand acres, owned by an English gentleman, and it was nearly

two hours before we passed through the gate on the farther side. The road is good and the ascent very gradual till we arrive at Coarse Gold, — a place pleasanter than its name, — where we dine. Large flocks of sheep (they speak of "bands" of cattle and sheep and horses here) are feeding on the hill-sides; oak trees in great variety, the buckeye full of blossoms resembling the horse-chestnut bloom, the greasewood tree with its rich yellow flowers formed like a wild rose, the manzanita with its crooked branches covered with smooth, mahogany-colored bark in striking contrast to its pale green leaves and delicate pink blossoms, the mountain lilac, and many other shrubs and thick chaparral covered with fragrant flowers, loading the air with perfume, are on either hand as we make our way over the foot-hills in the early afternoon. For the first time in our journey we meet with an abundance of animal life, — woodpeckers innumerable with their beautiful plumage, quail hopping along the road in front of our horses or pushing for cover, turtle-doves in pairs gracefully skipping before us, ground squirrels and gray squirrels darting around rocks or trees. All these were so common that they soon ceased to attract remark or attention, and once a beautiful deer was seen running along the crest of a hill. Robins and many other song birds were also seen and heard. We observed many trees with the bark completely perforated with holes from a half to three-fourths of an inch in

diameter. These, we were told, were made by the woodpeckers for the storage of acorns. A topic of much interest was the robbery of a stage on this road by foot-pads some ten days previous; and the usual brave remarks were uttered about what we would do or wouldn't do under similar circumstances, and the attempt to scare each other with the terrible words "road agents" when a peaceful Indian was seen galloping before us, or a gang of Chinamen employed in repairing the road plodded along, created considerable mirth.

After passing Fresno Flat, having crossed the first range of foot-hills, we began to enter a timbered country. "What tall pines!" we exclaimed. "You will think those are only walking-sticks before long," our driver replied. We supposed he had reference to the "Big Trees," — the *Sequoia Gigantea* of the Mariposa Grove, — but as we penetrated farther into the forest, the pines and spruces and cedars became of such enormous size that the term "walking-sticks" applied to the others seemed scarcely too exaggerated in comparison. Sugar and yellow pines and Douglas spruces from fifteen to twenty-five feet in circumference and two hundred and fifty feet tall were frequent, and those of larger size were not uncommon. At a watering station some of our party measured a pine twenty-seven feet in circumference, and it was by no means the largest we saw. For more than forty miles our road wound around the mountain sides

through this magnificent forest. It was a grand, a beautiful sight, those tall, majestic columns towering more than a hundred feet before a branch appeared, while clinging to almost every trunk and covering every dead branch and limb and twig was a beautiful yellow-green moss such as I have never seen anywhere else. But there were many charred and blackened trunks, where fires had wrought their work of ruin, and it was saddening to see so many of these forest monarchs thus dethroned. There is very little undergrowth in these mountain forests, but plenty of room for the lovely flowers which grow by the wayside.

The road through the forest was very muddy and the wheels not infrequently would sink in to the hub, the stage apparently on the point of overturning; when this happened on the edge of a precipice or rounding a "hairpin curve" it was somewhat exciting. But we were a "merrie companie," and if I had to grasp the back of my seat till my muscles were sore to keep from being thrown upon the horses, and if those inside were jolted till their heads struck the carriage, what mattered it? It was only another experience to be added to our varied store, and a stimulus for fun and repartee. I confess, though, there was a little holding of breath when we crossed a stream so deep and swift that the horses were almost carried from their feet. We traveled sixty-six miles the first day, arriving at the Wahwonah (formerly

Clark's) just after dark. The good fare and excellent beds found here were very thoroughly appreciated, and we arose next morning fully refreshed for the second day's journey. If the road had not been muddy we should have reached the Valley about noon, but it was 3 P. M. when we arrived there.

What pen shall fitly describe the first view of the Valley, that from Inspiration Point! Surely none but an inspired one should attempt to depict the awful majesty of El Capitan, towering in sublime massiveness 3,300 feet above the valley on the left, a perpendicular wall of solid granite; or the wondrous beauty of Pohono [Spirit of the Evil Wind], the Bridal Vail, on the right, falling over a precipice 940 feet, swaying in the wind, — a misty film more beautiful than ever decked the fairest bride; or the grandeur of the Cathedral Spires, reaching heavenward 2,660 feet; or the lofty Domes in their perfect symmetry beyond, on either hand; or the snow-crowned Cloud's Rest in the distance, 6,150 feet above the valley and 10,210 feet above the sea; or the loveliness of the Merced river, meandering through the valley, between its banks of vivid green. Reverently we gaze upon the picture till the film creeps into our eyes; then — our horses are turned to go down the mountain, a thunder-shower comes down upon us, umbrellas hide the Bridal Vail as we pass it, and, oblivious of the scenery, wet and hungry, we are landed at Cook's Hotel. But no, we cannot

enter yet. There is a roar as of a cannonade in our ears, and before us, descending from Eagle Cliff 2,634 feet, in three gigantic leaps, is Yo Semite, the Big Grizzly Bear, and we pause almost spell-bound. The uppermost of these falls has a sheer descent of 1,600 feet, the second, a winding cataract, of 534 feet, and the last a straight fall of over 500 feet. The stream is said to be thirty feet in width where it falls over the precipice, though its great height makes it appear much narrower; but it widens out toward the bottom and the upper fall is often swayed by the wind hundreds of feet each way. This vibration of the water by the pressure of the wind is said to be peculiar to the Yo Semite and Bridal Vail falls.

There are three hotels in the Valley, and it would be impossible to locate one in any portion of it that would not command a view of some point of surpassing interest, but it seems to me that this of Cook's has the most favored site. Directly opposite is the Yo Semite Fall, and, as we sit in the piazza, we can follow the whole northern wall of the gorge from El Capitan past the Three Brothers, Eagle Cliff, the fall, and along to the North Dome, — upon which now rests a snowy cross as well defined as that in Moran's great painting of the Mount of the Holy Cross — across the valley to the South or Half Dome, and beyond to Cloud's Rest crowned with snow. A short distance back of the hotel stands the Sentinel, a perpendicular mass of granite tapering off into a peak

three thousand and forty-three feet above the valley. I do not think anything impressed me more than this matchless "Loya" or watch-tower, as the Indians named it, towering skyward in its awful grandeur. Not twenty feet from the rear of the house is one of those magnificent pines, twenty-four feet in circumference and from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height. How puny and small seem common things amid these gigantic creations!

After dining, the clouds having cleared away, I could not resist the temptation, in spite of fatigue, of a walk, some two miles, to the foot of the Yo Semite Fall. Here over the rocks, close up into the spray I clambered, while a roar as of artillery was in my ears, and received a shower-bath from waters born in the eternal snows and poured from a reservoir nearly three thousand feet above my head.

Early next morning I awoke to the musical thunder of the "Big Grizzly." No lingering in bed while that grand reveille is sounding! There is something very peculiar about the noise made by this fall. It is not continuous like the roar of Niagara, but intermittent, and sounds more like a cannonade than anything I know. Sometimes there will be a boom as of a single gun, and then after a pause a whole battery will thunder forth. I have heard no satisfactory explanation of this peculiarity.

After breakfast most of us prepared for the ascent of the Nevada Trail. Horses and mules were soon mounted, and with trusty guides we started forth, some who had never been in saddle before with fear and trembling, but confidence was soon gained. We were not a picturesque group, but a very happy one. The course is some two or three miles through the valley before we begin the ascent, new wonders being constantly brought into view: the Buttermilk Fall, a small stream, pours down from the Sentinel three thousand feet; the jagged outline of Glacier Point comes into sight; the Half Dome [Tissaäck, "Goddess of the Valley,"] appears in better outline, and Washington's Column, projecting from the North Dome in symmetrical proportions, is clearly seen. The trail up the mountain keeps in sight the Merced river most of the way till we reach the Vernal Fall. This fall is three hundred and fifty feet over a smooth precipice, carrying the whole volume of the river, and is by many regarded as the most beautiful of all in the valley. Scarcely less beautiful, and more grand, is the cataract below, where the rushing torrent foams and seethes among the rocks in its mad descent. The first part of the ascent is gradual, but at length we begin to zigzag around the precipitous sides of the mountain, with curves so short there is barely room for our animals to turn, and a trail so narrow there is scarcely an inch between us and destruction, and our horses *will* step upon the very outermost

verge of the path. The Cap of Liberty back of Tissaäck, which, when first seen, did not appear very prominent, now looms up grandly, increasing in proportions as we approach it, and, though obscured from view in the valley by the Half Dome which towers one thousand nine hundred feet above it, is still three thousand one hundred feet above the level of the valley, a huge, bare mass of granite, smoothed and rounded into the almost perfect semblance of the conventional liberty cap. Having attained our highest point we descend a little distance, till we cross the river just before reaching Snow's, a hotel at the foot of Nevada Fall. This fall is seven hundred feet, from the Little Yo Semite valley above, and as the river is fed from the perpetual snows of the high Sierras it always carries a large volume of water, while the falls on other streams are nearly dried up later in the season. The Nevada Fall veers a little from a straight course and broadens out very much at the bottom, and the spray is carried a long distance. On the whole, I think this fall not surpassed in beauty by any in the Valley. There is a trail from Snow's to the top of the fall, where the view is said to be very grand, but only a few of our party made the ascent. From Snow's we get fine views of the Sentinel Dome, Glacier Point, South Dome and Liberty Cap, but not a general view of the Valley.

The old quotation, "*facilis descensus*," will hardly apply to the path down the mountain. Some who

rode up without fear find their nerves a little tremulous as they wind around the fearful precipices, and look down the awful depths, and think how slight a misstep on the part of their horses would hurl them to instant destruction. No accident occurs, however, and we all arrive safely at our hotel, tired, yet rich in a new experience, and with ineffaceable impressions upon our memories of the grandeur and beauty it has been permitted us to behold.

The following morning ushered in a beautiful summer Sabbath, a welcome day of rest to most. No need of temple reared by human hands in which to worship here. The Power that rent asunder the everlasting rocks and hollowed out this cradle in the heart of the Sierras needs here no priest for His interpreter. His voice is heard in the thunders of Yo Semite, the snowy cross glitters upon the North Dome, El Capitan and Tissaäck utter forth His majesty and the beautiful Merced river His mercy and peace.

Monday morning was an eventful one — I saw the sun rise four times; once from my bedroom window, and three times in Mirror Lake. The lake is two and a half miles from the hotel, and after an early breakfast we drove thither. Our road is up the valley toward the east, crossing the river, past the "Royal Arches" on the south wall of the base of the North Dome. These are perfect arches formed by cleavage in the solid rock, and although they seem at that great height to project but a few inches, they probably overhang the rock beneath not less than fifty feet.

Mirror Lake is a small sheet of water, its southern bank being the perpendicular wall of Tissaäck, the Half Dome. Beyond Tissaäck is Cloud's Rest, and on the opposite side of the lake is Mt. Watkins. These are all reflected in the glassy surface of the lake as perfectly as in a mirror, and every bush and twig on the banks, while —

> "In the crystal deeps, inverted,
> Swings a picture of the sky."

The sun had been up more than two hours in the valley, but was still hidden from sight here behind the jagged edges of the cliff. Instructed by our guide as to position, we looked to see the day-god make his appearance, not above the mountain tops in the sky, but in the water at our feet. We had looked but a few minutes when the most beautiful rainbow colors appeared, then a bright speck of light which became a star with dazzling rays, then a brilliant crescent, and finally the full disc of the sun emerged from the mountain line in the water. The effect was wondrously beautiful, almost beyond the power of imagination to conceive. We changed our position to where the sun was hidden by a higher point, and the phenomenon was repeated, and to still another point, and for the third time I saw the sun rise in the bosom of the lake.

Returning to our hotel, we join the party who are already mounting for the ascent of the Glacier Point

trail. This trail starts at the base of Sentinel Rock, just back of the hotel, and commences the ascent at once. It is for the most part steeper than the Nevada trail, and the turns are shorter, but the route commands the most magnificent views of the Valley at every point. We are directly opposite the Yo Semite fall, and ever as we ascend higher and higher the fall increases in grandeur, until at length we are above and looking down upon it. Union Point is the halfway place, where we dismount and rest our horses. Just beneath us, on a projecting shelf of rock is Agassiz's Column, a tall tower of rocks piled evenly one upon another. We stand upon the edge of the precipice and, clinging to a boulder, look down into the valley below. The lovely Merced, like a glassy ribbon, meanders between its green banks, men and horses looking like Lilliputians are seen moving along the road, the tall trees have become dwarfs, the buildings diminutive huts. But oh, how grand the view about and beyond us! The stupendous walls of El Capitan become more massive, the Three Brothers rear their giant heads more loftily, the Cathedral spires tower heavenward with more exalted aim, the snowy fall plunges downward more impetuously before us, the Domes rear their granite spheres more symmetrically, new mountains come into view beyond Cloud's Rest, a bright blue sky hovers over all, and we are surrounded by a clear, transparent atmosphere, which it is a joy to breathe. But, up and away! There are loftier heights and grander views before us.

For quite a distance now our path makes a gradual ascent without turns, then we begin to wind again and the curves become shorter and the trail steeper than before, till we who are in advance can look down upon our companions beneath in a dozen different paths going alternately in opposite directions. The end of our trail, Glacier Point, is at last reached and all rush to the edge of the precipice. Can one realize what it is to look straight down three thousand two hundred feet? Lean over and drop a pebble from your hand. It will not stop until it has reached the bottom. No gradual slope to this height, but the edge of the cliff really overhangs the base. From below, the top of this massive wall of Glacier Point seems to be surmounted by sharp points and broken, jagged edges. We find on arriving at the summit that these points and broken lines are formed by boulders and fragments of rock along the edge of the precipice.

Apropos of this, I must tell my readers how Mr. McAuley, who keeps the hotel at Glacier Point, won his wife. He took her to the edge of this cliff to look below. Clinging to a boulder she gazed fearfully downward, then drawing back she exclaimed, "Oh, it is grand, but it frightens me!" "If you don't say you will marry me I will push you off and throw myself after you," he replied. "I vill! I vill!" she exclaimed, and rushed to his arms. This was rather a heroic method of wooing, but may serve as a hint to discouraged swains who do not find persuasion effectual.

We can get a better general idea of the Yo Semite Valley from Glacier Point than from anywhere else. The general course of the Sierra Nevadas is north and south, but this valley is a transverse opening six miles in length and less than an average mile in width, extending in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction. The bottom of the valley is four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and these vertical walls and mountains surrounding it rise from three thousand to four thousand feet above it. To the eastward we look across to the Nevada Fall and the Cap of Liberty, to Mt. Starr King beyond, one hundred feet higher than the South Dome, and to other mountains not previously seen. The view from Union Point is here broadened out and extended. Below, the Merced river looks like a silver thread, and we seem to be looking as through the small end of a telescope to distant objects. What we saw on Saturday from Snow's bears no comparison to the view here. If a visitor could spend but one day in the Yo Semite, that day should be given to the Glacier Point Trail.

But some of us are not quite satisfied. By a trail a mile and a half farther up is reached the Sentinel Dome, four thousand one hundred and twenty-five feet above the valley, eight thousand one hundred and eighty-five feet above the sea. The trail, which is not difficult on horseback later in the season, is now covered with snow for the whole distance at a depth of from three feet to any depth beyond.

We learn that it is possible to make the ascent, however, as two gentlemen have already been to the summit this season. A half-dozen of us decide to attempt it, and we are joined by two gentlemen not of our party who came to Glacier Point with us. On we go, over the snow, pausing often to take breath, — for the heart-beats come quickly in this rare atmosphere and the blood rushes to the surface till every vessel seems ready to burst, — slumping often in the soft snow, till shoes and clothing are saturated, but we do not falter, and when at last we stand upon the bare gray summit and exclaim, "*Veni, vidi, vici,*" all fatigue is forgotten in the glorious exaltation with which the scene inspires us. Never again may I expect to behold so grand, so magnificent a spectacle. Snow-covered mountains, peak beyond peak, as far as the eye can reach, Starr King, Lyell, Dana, Hoffman, and others of the high Sierras from ten thousand to thirteen thousand feet in height, while the mountains surrounding the valley, which had hitherto been above or on a level with us, now sink, and only the Half Dome and Cloud's Rest are higher than we. The cradle-like formation of the valley is here very distinct. The Sierras gradually slope, with an occasional projecting peak, till the walls of the gorge are reached. Yet from this lofty summit, so little does it recede from the base, we are still able to see portions of the green carpet in the valley and

the stream winding through it, and the mist rising from the Bridal Vail. From a single point we can look upon both the Yo Semite and the Nevada falls. The massiveness of these smooth granite domes I had no conception of till we reached this summit. From below they seemed about the size of the dome on the capitol at Washington. Although their symmetry is not perfect on all sides, from some points of view they appear almost absolutely so. I could not venture an estimate of the diameter of this Sentinel Dome from where it begins to assume the spheroidal form, but it must be many hundred feet. The Half Dome is a clean cut from apex to base. What has become of the severed half of the mountain scientists have in vain tried to discover. We never weary of gazing upon the glorious panorama before us, but we cannot longer remain upon the heights. We must descend; yet we carry with us a fadeless picture, painted by a Divine Artist, which will hang upon the walls of our memories forever.

I wish I were able to tell something of the history of the Yo Semite Valley as I listened to it from the eloquent lips of Mr. J. M. Hutchings, the superintendent of the valley, who was one of the first company of white men (except some United States soldiers) who visited it, and the first to write a description of it. Of the Yo Semite Indians who had their home here, only thirteen are now living.

Tuesday morning we reluctantly bade adieu to this grandest of Nature's wonders and started on our return trip. After dinner at the Wahwonah, we were driven six miles to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. In the lower grove the trees are scattered among the pines and firs, and the massiveness of so many of these had in a measure prepared us for the giant Sequoias. These trees have been so often described, I forbear a repetition here. Their peculiar bark makes them conspicuous when not of large size, and their straight, symmetrical trunks, piercing the sky at heights varying from two hundred to three hundred feet, awaken our admiring awe. The largest tree we saw was the "Grizzly Giant," ninety-three feet and seven inches in circumference at the ground, and sixty-four feet, three inches at eleven feet above. It has been much burned at the base, and must once have measured much more than this. Some of the branches are six feet in diameter, but they are high up and do not appear so large. This tree is not so tall as some of lesser size. Many of the branches have been broken off, and altogether the Grizzly presents a time-worn and battered appearance. "The Fallen Monarch" gave us a good idea of the immense diameter of these giants, as it lay prostrate on the ground. We were much disappointed in not being able to visit the upper grove, which was inaccessible on account of snow. In this grove is the famous tree "Wahwonah" through

which the stage drives with its load of passengers, though it is not so large as the Grizzly Giant. In the upper grove there are more trees of immense size, and they are less scattered among those of other species. This trip to the Big Trees was the hardest part of our journey, the mud being of fabulous depth and progress slow and wearisome. It was evening of the following day when we reached Madera, the return journey, though lacking the charm of novelty, being full of interest and pleasure.

CHAPTER X.

SAN FRANCISCO NOTES.

WE joined the rest of our party at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco about noon July 5. This is the largest hotel in the world, a magnificent iron building, seven stories in height, with lofty, spacious rooms, elegantly furnished and supplied with every convenience, except — sunlight; that has to reach most of the rooms diluted, — a condition of things no architect could provide against in planning so immense a structure. The building and its furnishings cost six and a half millions of dollars. It covers more than two acres of ground, and the distance around it is just a quarter of a mile. There is a promenade of one-third of a mile on the roof, from which a fine view of the city may be obtained. I was surprised to find that with the exception of the leading hotels and business blocks, which are mostly constructed of iron, nearly all the buildings in the city are of wood, and they are painted of a nearly uniform drab color. The prevalence of wooden structures is doubtless due to the fear of the instability of brick in case of earthquakes, which are always "liable" to occur on this coast. Among the most

interesting features of San Francisco to eastern people are the cable street-cars. Although we had seen similar cars in Chicago, there they were on level ground and did not have the novelty of these, moving up and down, with no visible means of locomotion, over the steep hills found on so many streets in San Francisco. To sit on the front seat of one of these cars and ride down the steep inclines on California street seems more like "sliding down hill" on the snow crust on a frosty March morning in New England than anything else. This California street, which has a great many ups and downs, some of the hills being so steep that no ordinary vehicle passes over them, is the favorite street of wealthy 'Friscoans and contains many very elegant residences, including those of Gov. Stanford, Crocker, Flood, O'Brien, Gen. Colton, and other millionaires. The city has as many hills as ancient Rome, but considerable of the business portion is built on land reclaimed from the sea.

San Francisco has, like other cities of its size, numerous public buildings, schools, churches, theatres, museums, libraries, etc., but that which it has unlike other cities is of chief interest to tourists; and what more strange than Chinatown with its thirty-five thousand almond-eyed denizens packed almost like sardines in a box! Thitherward we turned our steps, under escort of a policeman, and visited stores, restaurants, dwellings, opium dens, pawn shops, theatre, and Joss-

house. We are in pursuit of information and must not be fastidious about sights or smells, although the Chinaman is a clean animal in his personal habits, bathing often. Everything the Chinamen wear and almost everything they use and eat is brought from China. Their provision stores are a curiosity. Dried meats of all kinds, fowls, hams, tiny sausages, eels, dried vegetables, cabbages in pickle, cheese and cakes made of beans, eggs boiled hard and packed in mud, dried oysters, live eels and turtles brought over in tanks, dried fruits, dried fish, and many other articles "too numerous to mention," as the auction bills say, are to be found there. At a restaurant we saw some of these boiled eggs cut up in little bits ready for the table. They were almost black, and redolent of something other than "spicy gales from Araby the blest." Everything served at the restaurants is cut into small pieces suitable for being eaten with chop-sticks before being sent to the table. A vegetable something like an artichoke, of a sweetish flavor and about the size of a potato ball, seemed to be much in favor. In the better class of restaurants there are elegant carvings and beautiful inlaid furniture, the daintiest china cups and dishes; but there is a lack of taste and harmony, and the costly chairs and rich carvings seem out of place. And there is such an incongruity, too, in the use of the lovely porcelain dishes to be seen amid the dingiest and most uncouth surroundings, such china as Yankee housekeepers

reserve for extraordinary occasions, thinking its service

> "Too bright and good
> For human nature's *daily* food."

The average Chinaman will live upon six cents' worth of food a day, and his heartiest meal is eaten just before going to bed. I was going to write retiring, but it occurred to me that they don't retire. Their beds are merely shelves fastened against the wall like sailors' bunks, one above another, with a piece of matting thrown over them. One room I saw, not ten feet square, was the dwelling of half a dozen men. One man was getting ready for his opium smoke, another cooking his evening meal in the dim passageway outside. His fire was in a small sheet-iron receptacle, and was fed by a few splinters, not so many as most people would use for *kindling* a single fire, and close over this was a frying-pan in which some sort of sausage meat was cooking. The cook attended strictly to business, paying no regard to the intrusive visitors who watched his operations. As there were no fire-places or chimneys, the smoke had given the walls and ceilings about the complexion of a coal mine.

An opium den is not an attractive place. It is no "gilded saloon," with music and dancing and brilliant lights to lure the passer-by; but dark, dingy, hot and suffocating, and reached oftentimes through dark and devious passageways underground. It generally consists of numerous cells on either side of a

narrow court, each cell having two or three tiers of bunks one above another, just long and wide enough to accommodate the reclining smoker. For an opium "lay-out" are required, besides the drug, the bunk on which the devotee reclines with a plank for a pillow, the pipe (a flute-shaped article with the orifice in which the opium is placed near the center), and a small spirit-lamp. Here, reclining on his right side, with lamp before him, the smoker holds the opium on the point of a wire over the flame, melting and manipulating it till it attains the right condition (a work of several minutes), then places it in the pipe and draws one or two whiffs, then melts more opium in the flame and repeats the process till the drug is all consumed. A moderate smoker consumes ten cents' worth at a "lay-out," but much more is required by those who smoke till intoxicated. It will be seen that much time, labor and patience are required for a man to get drunk by opium smoking, and the vileness of his condition is enhanced by the villainous atmosphere which surrounds him. Yet opium smoking is by no means confined to the Chinese. There are numerous places, we are told, on the Pacific coast, where opium "lay-outs" are provided for Americans. We passed through a barber shop to reach one of the opium dens, and saw the "tonsorial artists" plying their calling. I cannot so well describe the operation as in the words of another tourist: "We watched their native barber as he scraped the unlath-

ered face of his customer, sitting bolt upright on a stool. With a long, flexible, narrow blade the artist moved over every square inch of surface from his breast-bone to the back of his head, digging out his ears and nostrils, scraping with equal care the bridge of his nose, his forehead and every other spot, whether encumbered with beard or not."

The Chinese theatre is well worth a visit. The plays are all historical and of illimitable length. We arrived about nine o'clock in the evening, and the play had been in progress since noon, with a half-hour's intermission, and would continue until midnight. We were taken up and down narrow, winding stairways, through dark passageways, to see the rooms beneath the theatre where the actors live, — dark, dingy, comfortless, with walls begrimed with smoke, — better adapted to the storage of rubbish than for human habitation. Up the steep, narrow staircases again, through the "green-room," then by a curtained doorway we were ushered upon the stage itself and shown seats at one side, while the actors, but a few feet from us, were performing their parts before an audience which filled every inch of the seating room of the building, the heads of those in the gallery almost touching the ceiling. The Chinese have no curtains or scene paintings for their stage, and when a new scene is to be introduced the paraphernalia is brought in and arranged before the audience. The stage was not more than twenty-five

feet deep, and the orchestra occupied the rear of it. And such an orchestra! There were one or two stringed instruments the like of which I never saw before, but the main thing was the gong, which drowned the voices of the actors when they attempted to sing, and much of the time when they were speaking. Some of the performers seemed to be good actors, but the whole performance was intensely amusing. As we left we were shown some of the costumes belonging to the theatre, including robes of great elegance embroidered in gold and silver.

No visit to Chinatown is complete which does not include the Joss-house, or place of worship. This is not a place of meeting, but where the images of those ancestors who are deemed worthy of veneration for their great achievements or special virtues are placed, and where the worshipers come in singly or in small numbers to burn sandal-wood and incense to the departed. About the niches where the forms representing these departed worthies are enshrined there are most elegant carvings and inlaid work, costly incense-burners and candlesticks and other paraphernalia, in some respects so like what may be seen in Catholic churches that one almost expects to see the cross also. But the Joss-house is not devoted solely to worship, for you are invited to purchase some of the little sandal-wood sticks for "two bits," and various other articles by the sale of which the thrifty Chinaman may turn an honest penny.

In every apartment occupied by the Chinese, from opium den or brothel to Joss-house, there will be found what I suppose may be called an altar, — a red banner of paper or silk against the wall, with written characters inscribed upon it and before it burning these little sandal-wood sticks or tapers. You frequently see these little fires burning on the thresholds, and fire seems to be the chosen instrument for placating the evil spirits or for warding off their influence.

The Chinese fancy-goods stores found numerous patrons among the members of the Raymond party. The beautiful silk and crape fabrics, the dainty porcelain, the embroideries, the lovely carvings and curious mechanical contrivances were so interesting as to tempt to repeated visits.

The old Franciscan mission church Dolores, three hundred years old, is an object of interest. It is built of adobe, with roof of red tiles. Adjoining it is a graveyard in which is a monument to the memory of the first Spanish governor of "Alta California." Near this church is an old adobe block-house, also with tiled roof. The mint, Golden Gate Park, and Woodward's Gardens, are all places of interest. At the mint we were shown the different processes through which the ore is carried till it comes out in perfect coins of exact weight. How carefully each coin is weighed, that none shall be issued lacking or exceeding in the slightest degree the value placed

upon it! A gold brick worth ten thousand dollars is a good deal heavier than it looks, as I found on taking it in my hand. Woodward's Gardens has a menagerie and botanical collection, a pavilion for entertainments, natural curiosities, marine museums and aquaria.

A ride through the beautiful Golden Gate Park and on to Point Lobos Beach and the Cliff House was one of the pleasant incidents of our sojourn here. On the highest portion of the park grounds is a very handsome conservatory containing a choice variety of the finest specimens of the floral kingdom. Point Lobos is a long sandy beach terminating at the northern extremity in a rocky cliff rising about a hundred feet above the ocean, and upon this bluff is the Cliff House. This is a great point of attraction for city denizens as well as tourists, not alone for the salt breeze and fine sea view, — which includes a long reach of shore line and the blue expanse of the Pacific till it is met by the horizon in the west, — but because from here are seen the famous Seal Rocks. These rocks, five in number, are four or five hundred feet distant seaward from the Cliff, the highest rising from seventy-five to a hundred feet above the water at low tide. Here the strange-looking amphibious creatures from which the rocks take their name (more properly called sea-lions), of all ages and sizes, from the baby seal to the gray old patriarch weighing a thousand pounds, congregate

in swarms, covering almost every inch of the rock surface, wriggling, squirming, pushing, barking, dropping off into the water and climbing up again continually. The younger ones are incessantly active, but the big old fellows like to sun themselves in quiet, and when the small fry get too troublesome make a clean sweep of them into the water. There is a curious fascination in watching the strange, clumsy creatures, and many returned to the scene again and again.

We have been told many times since we reached California, that this is an "exceptional" season, that the rains have been in excessive quantity, and that the rainy season has continued at least a month later than usual. All this is to our advantage, as a rule, since it insures freedom from dust, and the fields are not so brown and sere as they ordinarily are at this time of the year. But the wind, which sweeps the streets of San Francisco every day and piles the sand into heaps like snow-drifts on the "sand lots," is not exceptional, — that is in season at all times. As San Francisco is always sure of a cool breeze some portion of the day, and there is a difference of only eight degrees in the mean temperature of January and July, the residents wear about the same clothing the year round, and there is presented the anomaly of one lady in a street-car wrapped in a seal-skin cloak or fur-lined garment, while her next neighbor wears only the lightest of

wraps, or no wrap at all. I found the clothing which was comfortable in Manchester the first of May, just about right here in June, and the wonder is that the ladies here should ever require fur garments, as the temperature seldom or never reaches the freezing point, fifty-two degrees being the mean in January.

Notwithstanding that rain in June is "almost unprecedented" here, Sunday, June 8, there was a drizzling rain nearly all day, which continued Monday morning, but ceased before noon, and when we started for Monterey in the afternoon only broken clouds partly veiled the sky.

Our route lay through the lovely Santa Clara valley, —

"Fair as a garden of the Lord,"

with its rich fields of wheat and barley on either hand, its orchards and luxuriant vines. This valley is the most productive part of California. It is but a few miles in width, lying between two spurs of the low Coast Range of mountains. Many of the foothills are cultivated to their summits, while others afford pasturage for cattle and sheep. Oak trees with their rich, dark foliage frequently dot the hillsides and add to the beauty of the landscape. Numerous thrifty towns are located in this valley, San Mateo, San José, Santa Clara, Menlo Park, Redwood, Pajaro, Gilroy and others, and are the homes of many wealthy Californians. Ours was the "Daisy" train, the fastest on the Pacific coast, and

we made the distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles from San Francisco to Monterey, stopping at eight stations, in three hours and a half, arriving at our destination, the "Queen of American watering-places," about sunset.

CHAPTER XI.

MONTEREY. — SAN JOSÉ AND SANTA CLARA. — THE NAPA VALLEY. — ON THE PACIFIC.

IT is recorded that when the Queen of Sheba, doubting the accuracy of the reports that had reached her, went up to Jerusalem and saw for herself the great splendor which surrounded King Solomon, and had personal evidence of his wonderful wisdom and prosperity, she not only acknowledged that it was a true report she had heard, but declared that the half had not been told her. Something akin to the feeling which drew this declaration from the doubting queen when the full blaze of the glory of the king of Jerusalem burst upon her animated not a few of us as we first looked upon the Hotel del Monte and its surroundings, and we, like her, were ready to exclaim that "the half had not been told us."

We have all heard of that profound philosopher who thought it "providential that large rivers almost always flow near large cities;" equally "providential" is it that a grove of magnificent old oaks, pines and cedars should surround the Hotel del Monte. Wonderfully picturesque are these old oaks with their gnarled and twisted trunks, their low, broad tops, and irregular, wide-spreading branches

draped with gray moss. We cannot guess their age. Perhaps some of them were bowing their heads to the Pacific blasts when "Pious Portala" planted his cross in Monterey in 1770.

There are one hundred and twenty-six acres in the grounds about the Hotel del Monte, and I doubt if another hotel in the world has so much space devoted to flowers. Not a room in the immense building that does not look out upon a mass of bloom. All the familiar home flowers flourish here in great luxuriance, and many other varieties never seen in our colder clime except in hot-houses. The veranda pillars are covered with the most beautiful purple clematis, some of the blossoms being ten inches in diameter, honeysuckles and roses and other climbing plants make trellis and wall a mass of fragrant bloom, shrubs and borders and beds are everywhere artistically disposed and arranged. In some of the beds colors are so arranged in different patterns and designs as to be real works of art. From fifty to eighty men are constantly employed on these grounds under the direction of one of the best landscape artists in the world. There is one large area devoted to the different varieties of the cactus family, with their strange, uncouth shapes and sharp spines, the monsters of the vegetable kingdom. In one part of the grounds a "maze" or labyrinth has been laid out, the paths separated by close cypress hedges, in which the children (and some of larger growth)

amuse themselves in trying to find the path that leads by many devious turns to the center. Several large bins of fine white sand are also placed in the grounds, where little children may disport themselves as much as they please. The hotel was erected five years ago, is of the modern gothic style, and is unsurpassed in exterior beauty by any hotel on the continent. The main building is three hundred and eighty-five feet in length and one hundred and fifteen feet in width, with extensive wings from each end,—a maze of towers and piazzas and angles and porches. It has accommodations for five hundred guests. The interior is a model of neatness and light, and is provided with all the conveniences that could be desired.

The morning following our arrival at the del Monte the sky was overcast and rain threatening. Nevertheless we went to the beach, a quarter of a mile distant, and took a bath in the Pacific surf, although the temperature was at fifty-six degrees. The beach is of fine sand, and there is very little undertow, but it is not nearly so beautiful as that at Santa Monica. For those who do not care to indulge in surf-bathing there is a large building one hundred and seventy feet long and seventy feet wide with glass roof, containing four swimming-tanks filled with sea water, heated to different degrees of temperature in the several tanks, where one may enjoy the luxury of bathing and swimming to its fullest extent. Clouds continued through the day and there was a sprinkling of rain;

and for the next three days we got no sunshine, but most of the time a steady drizzle. There is an eighteen-mile drive on this peninsula between the bay of Monterey and Carmelo Bay, mostly along the shore, passing through the Pacific Grove Retreat (the Martha's Vineyard of the Pacific coast), touching at Moss Beach, Pebbly Beach, Cypress Point and other places of interest. It is without doubt, as is claimed, a very beautiful drive, but the mist and rain so obscured the view, and cast such a gloom over the landscape that we could not form a correct opinion of it. There is a peculiar variety of pine trees in the forests through which we passed which bears its cones on the trunk of the tree. Most of the trees here have a heavy drapery of gray moss. The cypress trees near Cypress Point are strange, weird-looking objects, with low, flat tops of dark somber green, and naked gray trunks, the branches all reaching out on the side farthest from the shore.

The village of Monterey is a little more than a mile from the Hotel del Monte, on the southern point of the bay. It was here that Don Sebastian Vizcayno landed and planted the cross in 1602, under instructions of Philip III. of Spain; here, one hundred and sixty-eight years afterwards Gov. Portala of Lower California and Father Junipero Serra came and founded the mission of San Carlos or Carmel, five or six miles to the southward. A cross still locates the spot where Father Serra landed. Monterey early

became the capital of the territory, and here, in 1842, Commodore Jones, anticipating the Mexican war, hoisted the Stars and Stripes in place of the Mexican flag. There are many old adobe buildings with tiled roofs in the village, but there are no modern structures of any pretensions. From the old adobe custom-house rises the original staff from which the Stars and Stripes first floated over Monterey. The Catholic church, which was built in 1794, of a yellowish stone, is still in good condition. The altar-piece is considered a work of art. The pavement in front of the church and also in several places in the sidewalks is composed of the vertebræ of whales, this bay having been a prominent port for whaling vessels.

The climate of Monterey is said to be remarkably equable, the mean temperature of January and July varying only about fifteen degrees. It was certainly so cool during our stay that we were glad to hover around the fire-places a good portion of the time. It was rather disappointing that we should be under a cloud or an umbrella during the whole four days of our stay, especially as we had been told that "from May to November in California you may hang up your umbrella and waterproof." But there could be no more delightful place in which to pass the time in dull weather, and we enjoyed it all.

When we left Monterey Saturday morning the clouds were breaking, and soon the sun came out

bright and clear. Some of us stopped off at San José and took a ride about the beautiful town. Not so picturesquely situated as Los Angeles, yet the beautifully shaded streets, with long rows of pepper and locust trees, the luxuriant vines and blossoming plants and green lawns about almost every residence, the fine business blocks and public buildings and handsome dwelling-houses, made this to me the most attractive town I have seen in California. Fruits and vines grow here in the greatest luxuriance, and, indeed, all this Santa Clara valley is noted for its fruitfulness. We took the horse-cars from San José to Santa Clara, the latter being a suburb of the former. Our party filled the car, and, exhilarated by the delicious atmosphere and bright sky after the long storm, we were in a gala mood, and I doubt if that car ever witnessed so much fun before. If the doctor did turn driver and put the poor old horses up to a racing gait, they bore it well, and their lawful Jehu had a chance to eat his lunch undisturbed. This road from San José to Santa Clara, called the Alameda, is a broad, beautiful street, lined with old willows planted by the missionaries in 1799 for the purpose of shading their walk from the San José pueblo to their church at Santa Clara. There is a large Catholic school here in connection with the church.

We visited here the grounds of Mr. J. P. Pierce, who has ninety-five acres in vineyard and orchard.

His fruit trees are principally cherries, though there are peaches, apricots, plums, Japanese plums, pomegranates, bananas, figs, almonds, walnuts, — almost every fruit and nut that can be made to grow in this climate. The cherries were in their prime, — indeed many of them had been gathered, but *such* cherries were never seen in the East, — large, luscious, crisp. I wonder if Mr. Pierce ever found so appreciative samplers of the delicious sweetness of his mammoth Black Tartarians or the delicate crispness of his Royal Anns before!

Besides a large vineyard with vines cut back in the usual way, Mr. Pierce has a mile of grape-vine arbor in his grounds, twenty to thirty feet broad, and high enough to drive a carriage beneath it, covered chiefly with Isabellas. A broad graveled driveway between rows of shade trees leads to a handsome house, lawns, flowers and shrubbery add their beauty, and help to make this fruitful place one of almost ideal attractiveness. Our party are under great obligations to the gentlemanly proprietor for his courtesy and kindness. May his shadow, and his *cherries*, never grow less.

Returning to San Francisco Saturday night, I spent the next day in Vallejo, thirty miles northward, with friends. This town, of five or six thousand inhabitants, was once the capital of the state, but has now nothing but the navy-yard on Mare Island to keep it alive. It is beautifully situated on several hills, commanding a fine view of the bay, and one wonders

why it should not continue to thrive. There do not appear to be any trees growing spontaneously here, but the eucalyptus and locust grow rapidly when planted. The mud dries so quickly in this atmosphere that the streets are full of hard ridges, as rough as if suddenly frozen.

Monday morning I took the train north for Calistoga through the far famed Napa valley. This valley is not so broad as the Santa Clara, and is less picturesque, but it has wonderfully fruitful orchards and farms and flourishing vineyards. Farmers were haying — they raise wheat and barley for hay here, no grasses being grown for the purpose — and everywhere there was evidence of good crops.

In the mountains inclosing this valley there are numerous mineral springs. The Napa soda springs, six miles from Napa City, are very noted. At Calistoga, which is the terminus of the railroad, sixty-eight miles from San Francisco, there are some twenty mineral hot springs which were at one time a very popular resort.

Seventeen miles from Calistoga by stage over St. Helena Mountain is Middletown, of interest to me as the home of friends I was about to visit. The ride over this mountain, an ascent of nearly four thousand feet, is delightful if you are fortunate as I was in securing a seat on the stage-box; but if, unfortunate as I was on the return, you are forced to share a seat barely large enough for two persons with

two other adults and a child, in the inside of the stage, while the air is hot enough for a Turkish bath, you will find it the longest ride you ever knew in the same distance, and must be gifted with a very poetic imagination to call it a pleasure ride. St. Helena Mountain is one of the most noted of the Coast Range, and commands a splendid view of the Napa valley. We were nearly four hours in making the seventeen miles, and at length alighted in a charming little valley, to receive the warmest kind of welcome from the doctor and his wife. I find that they are thriving in this new country, that the doctor finds renewed health and vigor in this mountain atmosphere, and plenty of profitable work in his profession. "Yet," said Mrs. M., "we can't know how thankful we ought to be that we were born in New England till we come out here."

About four miles from Middletown, up in the cañon seventeen hundred feet above the sea, is Harbin's Springs, a very popular resort. There are numerous springs, all either warm or hot, the principal one having a temperature of one hundred and eighteen degrees. The water is conducted from this spring directly into a bath-house, where baths at any temperature may be had. It is a beautiful location, and the hotel here is well patronized. Middletown looks forward to the extension of the railroad from Calistoga to these springs, when a boom for that place will be in order.

Returning to San Francisco the next day, June 17, we bade farewell to California the following morning, taking steamer for Portland, Oregon. A fog obscured the shore line to some extent, so that we were unable to see the beauty of the bay at its best, but I kept position on the hurricane-deck till we passed through the Golden Gate, when, not thinking it desirable to look any longer, I retired to my state-room and *rested* the next two days. It was quite a coïncidence that a large portion of the party felt the need of rest also. I regret my inability to give an adequate description of the delightfulness of sailing on the swelling Pacific, but must leave it to the imagination of those who enjoy being —

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

By the morning of the third day, after we had passed the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river, I was sufficiently refreshed to go on deck, and when the boat stopped at Astoria for half an hour, took the opportunity to go ashore. This town (except the business part, which is built on a foundation of piles over the river) is situated on the side of a steep hill rising from the river bank, a verdure-covered slope with a forest of evergreens in the background, and is the headquarters of the salmon-canning industry of the Columbia river. There are twenty-five of these canneries here, giving employment to six thousand persons in the busy season, and having a capital of

$1,560,000 invested in buildings and machinery. In 1883 the product of these and fourteen other canneries farther up the river was worth $3,024,000. The fisherman, if he finds his own boats and nets, gets ninety cents a fish; if the company supplies them, fifty cents. The fishermen are mainly Norwegians, Swedes, Danes and Italians, but Chinese are employed in the factories.

Astoria is the oldest town in Oregon, having been founded by John Jacob Astor (for whom it was named) and the Pacific Fur Company in 1811. In 1813 it fell into the hands of the Northwest Fur Company; later, the headquarters of the fur trade were transferred to Vancouver, and Astoria dwindled till this salmon-canning industry was established in 1866. Some of our party made a hurried visit to one of the canning factories, but I had too recently emerged from retirement to *stomach* fishy odors, and am unable to describe the canning process.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOWER COLUMBIA RIVER. — PORTLAND.

WE have a sail of ninety-eight miles before us in going from Astoria to Portland, the last twelve miles being on the Willamette river. The Columbia is very broad just above Astoria, — some five miles, — although it is only a mile in width at its mouth, twelve miles below. There is not much variety to the scenery on the Lower Columbia; the shores, of which the northern is in Washington Territory and the southern in Oregon, are generally precipitous and covered with a dense growth of cedar, spruce and fir. This limitless stretch of forest on either side of the broad stream is a goodly sight, the first timber of any account (except the Sierra Nevada forests on the way to the Yo Semite) that we have seen since we left the Canada woods on the Grand Trunk Railroad. Occasionally we pass a chute or slide down the steep bank, used for conveying the logs to the water, and a few saw-mills and salmon-canning factories are seen on the way. The first place of any size which we reach is Kalama, thirty-eight miles from Portland, on the Washington shore. This town is on the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's line from Portland to Tacoma, and once had aspirations which

have not been realized; wherefore it is sometimes called Kalam-ity. The hills now recede from the shores on both sides of the stream and the intervale looks as if it might yield a rich return to the cultivator. Two or three small hamlets only are passed until we reach St. Helen's on the Oregon side, twenty-seven miles from Portland. Hitherto, scarcely any islands have been seen. One high rock, rising from the water near the Washington shore, called Coffin Mountain, was formerly utilized by the Indians as a place of deposit for their dead.

The river is very deep and turbid, and is now twenty-four feet above low-water mark, and the pier at St. Helen's is nearly on a level with the water. As we approach the mouth of the Willamette numerous lovely green islands appear, one large island called Niggertown having a small settlement upon it.

Just before reaching Kalama we had our first view of the snow-covered summit of Mt. St. Helen's, its beautiful cone rising 9,750 feet above the sea; later on, in succession, we saw from different points Mts. Adams, Hood, Tacoma and Jefferson, all covered with snow from base to summit. From one point on the Willamette, about three miles from its mouth, we were able to see all five of these snow-crowned peaks with one sweep of the eye. First, one hundred miles to the north, Tacoma, king of all in the Cascade Range, pierces the sky at an elevation of 14,444 feet; sixty-five miles to the northeast, St. Helen's

lifts her shining head 9,750 feet; then Mt. Adams soars in majestic grandeur to an equal height, seventy-five miles distant; Mt. Hood, pride of Portland, towers upward 11,025 feet, fifty miles to the east; and last, Mt. Jefferson shows his snowy crown above the lower mountains seventy-five miles to the south-east, a beautiful peak nearly 10,000 feet above the sea. Nowhere else on the face of the earth can such a glorious panorama be seen. In other lands, and in the Rocky Mountains, there are loftier peaks, but they are seen surrounded by other high mountains, and from a table-land or elevation nearly half their height; while these giants of the Cascade Range are isolated, and our point of vision is the level of the sea. From the placid river, with its shores and islands of brightest emerald, over the darker green of the firs and spruces beyond, and the soft blue hills in the distance, the eye wanders until it rests on the kingly summit of Tacoma, then with one sweep along an arc of one hundred and fifty miles takes in the four other radiant monarchs rising above the blue, their hoary heads doubtless still bearing snows that covered them before the white man ever saw this continent, or before the savage ever paddled his bark canoe along this water-course.

There is a marked difference in the color of the water in the two streams, the Willamette being of a deep green. Its width is about two-thirds that of the Columbia, and the volume is immense. Several

years ago I read a little poem upon the Willamette River, written by S. L. Simpson of Portland, Ore., whose rhythmic melody has often haunted my memory since; and now that I was sailing on the "lovely river,"

"Winding, widening through the valley,"

while the soft June airs were blowing about us, and the bright sky smiled overhead, the beautiful lines again recurred to me and I found myself repeating:

"Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide.
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track nor trench on thee."

We arrived at Portland about six o'clock Friday afternoon and are quartered at the Merchants' Hotel. To my surprise I find this place more like home than any other we have visited. Here for the first time we see maple and ash and elm trees in the streets, and clover blossoms and *green grass* bordering the roadside, and real New England weeds — plantain and dock. I am told, too, that at least three-fifths of the white population came here from east of the Ohio.

The business part of Portland is low, close down on the bank of the river, too low and flat for the best

sanitary conditions, but the city gradually slopes away to the hills that surround it on all sides except on the river. The Willamette flows from south to north, and the city is on the west bank, East Portland on the opposite side being a separate borough. There are many elegant residences in Portland, not only handsome in themselves but beautiful in their location and surroundings. Portland is the headquarters of all trade in the Northwest, and the long rows of elegant warehouses give the city quite a metropolitan appearance unlooked for in a place of its size. The wholesale trade in 1883 amounted to over fifty-three million dollars. The leading industry in Portland is lumber, and there are manufactures of flour, carriages, boots and shoes, bricks, artificial ice, bags and bagging and other products. I was surprised to find three book-binderies here, employing thirty-five hands, as I had not expected book-making to be an industry of this northwest coast. There must be many book-buyers here, too, if the number of book-stores is any criterion.

I was much interested in a visit to an artificial ice manufactory, of which there are two in the city. The river never freezes hard enough to furnish the natural product, and all the ice used has to be manufactured or brought by rail from the interior. I am unable to describe the process by which the caloric is withdrawn by chemical agents from the vertical iron pipes, to which the water freezes as it trickles down

from the top of the building, the immense icicles gradually increasing in size like a tallow dip. Those who have seen the process of "dipping candles," as practiced in ancient New England farm-houses, will understand what I mean. When the icicles have become large enough, a jet of steam is let into the pipes, and the ice is cut and removed in blocks of convenient size. The ice is firm and clear, — indeed it is purer than the natural product, as all sediment drops to the bottom. It is sold for a cent a pound. "We used to get two cents a pound till the railroad was built and brought in ice from other parts," said the manufacturer sadly.

The Chinese population numbers some five or six thousand, and they have numerous stores on some of the best business streets, not crowded together as in San Francisco. I judge there is not so much prejudice against the Mongols here as in California.

The soil and climate seem very favorable to fruit culture. Apple and pear trees are loaded so that their branches have to be propped up, and delicious cherries, currants and gooseberries are in abundance. Everything indicates a moist climate. Western Oregon is called the "Webfoot" country on this account. In a region where grass grows in such luxuriance, it would seem that dairying should be a leading industry, yet I learn that more than half the supply of dairy products and vegetable produce consumed here is brought from California. Butter is

sold at seventy-five cents a pound, and some of it is brought across the continent. If its endurance is equal to its *strength* (judging from the sample I tasted), it could stand a journey around the world. Salmon, fresh from its native waters, of course we have in abundance. It is very nice, but I think the salmon that swim in eastern waters surpass this in richness of flavor.

The finest public building in Portland is the post-office. It is of stone, handsomely finished, and is surrounded by lawn and shade trees. The collector of internal revenue and other officials have offices in the building. An elegant hotel, "The Villard," has its stone walls partly up, but work is not progressing upon it at present. It is "up-town," near the post-office and court-house, a more desirable location for tourists than is occupied by either of the existing hotels.

Portland has increased wonderfully in population during the past four years. By the census of 1880 it had only about twenty-one thousand inhabitants; now it claims over forty thousand, — about the same as its namesake on Casco Bay. Like that namesake it is beautiful for situation. It does not overlook the bright waters of a bay studded with picturesque islands, and dotted with the white wings of commerce, but the "lovely river" winds at its feet, a broad expause of varied landscape stretches before it, and — matchless possession! — Mt. Hood, on whose

majestic beauty the eye never tires of gazing, is the Pacific Portland's very own. No wonder her people are proud of it that her artists never weary of painting it. Pictures of the mountain are numerous in the shop-windows, of various sizes, and in varying aspects, but the favorite seems to present it suffused with a bright crimson glow. "Is it possible the mountain is ever so rose-colored as these artists represent it?" I asked a citizen; and was assured that the pictures did not exaggerate the color as seen at sunset in certain conditions of the atmosphere. From the hills on the west side of the town a view of the mountain may be had almost to its base. It is irregular in its outline, though nearly pyramidal, and a "notch" at one side of the summit shows the location of the crater. It is believed that volcanic action has not yet entirely ceased, as smoke and fire have been seen to issue from it within three or four years. Mt. St. Helen's may also be seen from the same point of view, but not to its full extent, intervening hills cutting off the lower half.

From the Cemetery Hill, three or four miles out of Portland, may be seen one of the most beautiful landscapes I have ever looked upon. Beneath us lies the "lovely river" with its verdant shores and emerald isles, "winding, widening through the valley," till lost in the embrace of the Columbia, its beauty-dimpled surface rippled by the dipping of oars or the passage of white-winged yachts; sloping away to the

hills from either bank are the towns of Portland and East Portland, with church spires and prominent buildings rising from a forest of shade trees, the apparent repose undisturbed save by the passage of the ferry-boat across the stream; softly blue in the distance rise hill and mountain against the sky with ever varying outline; to the extreme right the white peak of Mt. Hood shows above the intervening hills and forests; and straight before us — the blue curtains drawn aside to reveal the full measure of her transcendent loveliness — St. Helen's stands, with snowy draperies reaching from the dome which crowns her peerless cone to her very feet.

It was unaccountable to me at first that Hood should be the special pet and pride of Portland rather than St. Helen's, except that the former can be seen in its full majesty from points within the city limits, and it is necessary to go outside to get the best view of St. Helen's; but a citizen explained that the latter, being rounded into almost perfect symmetry of form, always presented about the same aspect, while Hood, being irregular in outline, is more variable in appearance and therefore more interesting. It may be so. It is worth a journey across the continent to look upon either of them.

Many of our party found friends and acquaintances in Portland who gave them cordial greeting. Among the New Hampshire men here is Mr. E. P. Rogers, formerly of Plymouth, the general ticket

agent of the Oregon & California Railroad running up the Willamette valley, whose courtesies are gratefully remembered. I like this pleasant Portland, and those of its people whom I have met. It is a quiet, orderly city, abounding in churches and schools and whatever tends to make society well ordered and progressive. With the exception of the Chinese, but a small portion of its population is of foreign birth. Ours is the first excursion party which has ever visited Portland from the East (except an excursion of officials over the Northern Pacific road), but it is not likely to be the last. I am sure that in leaving we all echo Rip Van Winkle's toast: "May it live long and prosper."

CHAPTER XIII.

PUGET SOUND AND ITS PORTS. — VICTORIA.

WE left Portland Monday, June 23, at one o'clock P. M., by steamer down the Willamette and Columbia rivers to Kalama, Washington Territory, thence by rail over the Pacific Division of the Northern Pacific road to Tacoma, near the southern extremity of Puget Sound, where we took the steamer Olympia for our trip through the sound to Victoria. Our road from Kalama lies along the Cowlitz river and the Chehalis valley. The overflowing streams showed that we were still in the "webfoot" country. It is a good farming region, though there are very few settlements and none of any importance till we reach Tacoma. The country is heavily timbered. It is estimated that there are twenty million acres of timber land in Washington Territory.

It was ten o'clock in the evening, and rain was falling, when we embarked on the steamer. The Olympia is an elegant new boat, with capacious state-rooms, and is the property of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, as are also the boats running between Portland and San Francisco. It

took some three hours to load the freight, and the curious medley of sounds that floated up from the lower deck — the squealing and grunting of pigs, the barking of dogs, the bleating and trampling of sheep, mingled with the voices of men — precluded all inclination to sleep till the boat at length moved from the wharf. We reached Seattle about six o'clock in the morning, but the clouds had not broken and the prospect for a view of the scenery on the sound was not flattering. The maps show us the general outline of Puget Sound, extending north and south, connected with the Pacific Ocean by the straits of Juan de Fuca (which separate the peninsula from Vancouver's Island), and covering an area of two thousand square miles, but give no adequate idea of the many arms reaching out like a devil-fish in all directions, or of the great irregularity of the shores, which are full of beautifully curved bays and inlets, while numerous islands help to confuse and diversify the shore line. While the coast length of Washington Territory is but two hundred and forty-five miles, the actual shore line is seventeen hundred and thirty-eight miles.

The waters of the sound are calm and placid, and the appearance is more that of an inland lake than a part of the ocean. Extending north and south through the peninsula on the west is the beautiful Olympic Range, six thousand to eight thousand feet high, and on the east, dividing the territory lon-

gitudinally, the Coast Range bounds our horizon. Our boat changes its course so frequently in following the windings of the coast to touch at the different ports, that we sail towards every point of the compass, and at length we get so confused as to our direction as to be in the condition of the small boy, who, having gotten into his garments the wrong way, couldn't tell whether he was going to school or coming home.

The shores of Puget Sound are covered with magnificent forests, affording an almost exhaustless supply of timber, and the ports are the location of extensive saw-mills which produce an immense quantity of lumber yearly. The largest saw-mill is at Port Blakely. This mill, in one day of eleven and one-half hours, sawed out 283,000 feet; and its total product in 1883 was 49,189,785 feet. Our boat stopped long enough at Port Ludlow for us to visit the saw-mill there. This mill is four hundred and fifty feet long, and although its capacity is not quite equal to that at Port Blakely, its product is enormous, being 175,000 feet daily. It was interesting to watch the gang-saws in their rapid motion and note how quickly the immense logs were transformed into boards or planks. Machinery does everything here. It grapples the logs in the water with hooks attached to an endless chain and draws them up an incline into the mill, places them upon the carriage ready to be riven by the saw, and it

removes all slabs and refuse, railroading them to a point outside of the mill near the water's edge, and drops them into a never-dying fire. Some of the logs here were of enormous size, and the lumber perfectly free from knots or defects. Accustomed to play about a saw-mill in my childhood, it was pleasant to renew here on this far off coast the childish experience of riding on the carriage which conveys the logs back and forth as they move to the motion of the saw. We are still but "children of a larger growth."

The daily capacity of all the leading mills on Puget Sound is 1,645,000 feet, and the lumber is shipped to China, Japan, Australia and South America, as well as to American ports. Some of the mills are supplied with electric lights so as to work continuously when the demand is brisk. A little idea of the immensity of this lumber industry is conveyed in the statement that one logger paid $1,500 for tallow to grease the skids used one year in hauling five million feet of logs worth $35,000. The regular landing-places between Seattle and Victoria are Ports Madison, Gamble, Ludlow and Townsend. The last is the most important, having a population of sixteen hundred, and on our return trip we stopped long enough to land and get a look at the town. The stores and shops and business part of the place are located on a street on a level with the pier, but the principal residences are on a bluff which

rises precipitously some one hundred and fifty feet. A short cut to this upper town is by long flights of steps starting from a point a few rods opposite the landing, or by a zigzag incline farther along; but teams have to go nearly a quarter of a mile from the wharf before they can find an incline gradual enough for them to ascend. One could hardly conceive a more charming location for a summer residence than this upper town of Port Townsend. High enough to always insure a cool breeze, overlooking the beautiful bay with its varied shore line, with two mountain ranges visible in the distance, the broad, smooth streets bordered by a green carpet, flowers and blossoming vines flourishing in every garden, it is truly a delightful spot as seen that bright June morning. This town is the port of entry for the Puget Sound customs district, and is garrisoned with United States troops. From a primitive building of rough lumber at the foot of the stairs leading up the bluff is issued a little semi-weekly paper called the *Port of Entry Times*.

We reached Victoria, Vancouver's Island, about five o'clock, P. M. The sun had broken through the clouds, and the town, rising from the rocky shores of a beautifully curved bay, looked very pleasant in the afternoon light. Carriages were in waiting at the wharf to receive us, and we were all soon being driven at a rapid rate through the town and to all the points of interest in this part of the island.

Victoria is the capital of British Columbia, having a population of six thousand to eight thousand, and the government buildings, — parliament house, land and works department, printing-office, messenger's residence and supreme-court building, — built of brick in the Swiss style, occupy a pretty square on James Bay. A granite monument to Sir James Douglas, the first governor of the colony, is located on the same square. The lieutenant-governor's residence is a handsome building with elegant grounds in the outskirts of the city. A hawthorn hedge about these grounds attracted attention, from its beauty as well as its novelty. On Beacon Hill, which overlooks a beautiful and extensive sea prospect, there is a race-course, and adjoining it a public park.

The streets of Victoria are broad and clean, the business blocks chiefly of brick or stone, the buildings low, and, although there are not many of great elegance, they are generally neat and tasteful in appearance, their attractiveness enhanced by the pretty gardens surrounding them and the ivies and honeysuckles which clamber over them in profusion. That English ivies will thrive outdoors and grow in great luxuriance here in a latitude more than three hundred miles farther north than Manchester is proof of the remarkable mildness of the climate. Indeed, all along through Oregon and Washington, west of the Cascade Range, as well as on this island, the winters are extremely mild, very little snow being seen, and

the ice never forms thick enough for cutting. The mildness is attributed to the warm winds blowing over the Japan current or "gulf stream."

There is a Chinatown here, and there are also many Indians seen on the streets, of the Songhish tribe, who have a reservation on the opposite side of the harbor. These Indians are partial to bright colors, and are not unpicturesque in their attire, if seen far enough away for distance to lend enchantment to the view. Three daily papers in Victoria keep the people informed of current events, and eleven churches look after their spiritual welfare. There are hospitals, orphan asylums, schools and other public institutions, Protestant and Catholic. The view from some of the upper streets is very fine. The Olympic Range can be seen across the straits of Juan de Fuca; and on the east the snowy crown of Mt. Baker — next to Tacoma and Hood the highest peak in the Cascade Range — is revealed to the gaze, as well as a broad expanse of water scenery.

The roads leading from the town are in splendid condition, being all macadamized, and we were whirled along at a rate faster than I ever knew hack horses to go before, for we had twenty miles to compass before we returned to our boat. Wild roses are in profusion along the roadside and everywhere vegetation is rank, showing a rich soil and a moist climate. The scenery is pretty and picturesque, and the air wonderfully exhilarating. Some traveler, writ-

ing of the climate of Victoria, says: "The atmosphere is charged with ozone peculiar to Victoria only." Whether this be true or not, nothing in my experience matches it, unless it be the delicious atmosphere of Mt. Desert.

Vancouver's Island is two hundred miles long; its shores are full of bays and inlets, affording excellent harbors; it has a great variety of scenery, mountains eight thousand to nine thousand feet in height, lakes, rivers, forests, rich coal mines, a delightful climate and a fertile soil; and we can't help regretting that in the settlement of the great boundary dispute between Uncle Sam and Victoria R. the Stars and Stripes were not left floating over it instead of the Cross of St. George.

One of the points visited was the naval station at Esquimalt, four or five miles from the town. This is the chief British naval station on the Pacific. There is an excellent harbor here, and a dry dock four hundred feet long and sixty-five feet wide is in process of construction. There are also a government arsenal and a small village near the harbor. A vessel had sunk in the harbor a few days before our arrival and preparations were in progress for raising it. We find the days preceptibly lengthened in this northern latitude, and although it was eight o'clock when we returned to the steamer the daylight still remained.

After supper on the boat most of us returned to have a look at the town by gas-light. All shops and

business close here at six o'clock, but two or three curiosity shops were kept open this evening in anticipation of a visit from the excursionists. The result proved the wisdom of the proprietors, as nearly all invested in some souvenir of the place. We are all charmed with this pleasant town and its surroundings and count the brief hours of our stay at this the farthest point, the *ultima thule* of our journey, as among the most delightful of our trip; and it was almost with regret that we steamed out of the harbor next morning at sunrise and took a last look of its beautiful rock-bound shores and verdure-crowned heights.

The distance from Tacoma to Victoria is one hundred and ten miles, and it is on the return journey that we realize the wonderful beauty of the "Mediterranean of the North." On the outward trip the sky was overcast and the mountains on either hand were entirely obscured by clouds until we were near the end of our course; but to-day the sun shines out brightly, and although clouds partially veil the higher peaks, we are able to see the general outline and note the especial beauty of the Olympic Range. The water is smooth as glass, reflecting shore and sky as a mirror, and the loveliness of the scenery is incomparable. "The most beautiful view in the world — surpassing Lake Como!" said our English fellow-traveler enthusiastically. The shores, covered with magnificent forests to the water's edge, are pictur-

esquely curved and rounded and ever varying, and with each change of position a new scene of beauty is brought to view. Puget Sound is really an archipelago. Some of the islands are of great extent. Whidby Island stretches its length along between us and the eastern shore for nearly twenty miles. The islands as well as the main land are covered with timber, and while the shores are full of bays and inlets and excellent harbors, the water is so deep that anchorage is difficult. This is true both at Seattle and Tacoma, and I observed that at Port Gamble, where we stopped for a few minutes, the wharf extended but a few feet over the water, the shore rising so precipitously that the boat could almost touch the bank. In scores of places ships could be loaded directly from the shore.

At Port Gamble we saw a great number of starfishes clinging to the piles, of immense size and peculiar color, some of them being of a terra-cotta and others of a "crushed-strawberry" hue. It was easy reaching them from the steamer, and our English comrade secured a fine specimen to take home to England.

Seattle, which is the largest place on Puget Sound, is beautifully situated on the eastern shore at the head of Elliott Bay, eighty-five miles from Victoria and twenty-five miles from Tacoma, and has a population of some ten thousand. This town had its beginnings a third of a century ago, but it has chiefly grown

within the past half-dozen years. No less than a thousand new buildings were erected in 1883. There are splendid business blocks, of brick and stone, and costly buildings still going up, showing that its people have faith in its future, notwithstanding the Northern Pacific terminus has been located at Tacoma instead of here, as was at one time the expectation of its citizens. The manufacture of lumber is its leading business, but there are furniture manufactories, machine shops and various wood-working industries. There are seventy-four steamers engaged in the inland traffic of Puget Sound, the majority of which have their headquarters here, and the few minutes we had to run up on to the main street were sufficient to show that it is a very live and busy town. With one of the best harbors in the world and a situation unsurpassed for beauty, it ought to be what it claims, the "Queen City of the Sound."

CHAPTER XIV.

TACOMA.

TACOMA is an Indian word, said to signify "nourishing breast." It was the name given by the aborigines to the highest mountain in the Cascade Range, put down on the old maps as Mt. Rainier. It is the name adopted by the new city on Puget Sound, selected as the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The terminal city was at first known as New Tacoma, a settlement with the aboriginal name having existed for several years two or three miles back from the shore, but by act of the last legislature the old and the new were united and the prænomen discarded. Some ten years ago, when it was decided to make the terminus of the road at this point, the Tacoma Land Company, a corporation composed of fifty-one per cent of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company and forty-nine per cent of individual stockholders of that road, with a capital of a million dollars, purchased sixteen thousand acres of land here at the head of Commencement Bay, and subsequently cleared a square mile of land, and put the lots in the market. The failure of Jay Cooke and the consequent delay in the construction of the road postponed the building of

the city, and in 1880 there were but seven hundred and twenty inhabitants here. During the next two years the population increased to three thousand, and at the beginning of 1884 it was six thousand.

The shores of the bay rise precipitously about a hundred feet, then gradually or in successive terraces to the height of three hundred feet. On this slope, so admirably adapted by nature for the site of a great city, are broad streets, regularly laid out and graded, with handsome business blocks of brick or stone, neat and substantial residences, elegant churches, one being of stone and costing twenty-five thousand dollars, a splendid public-school building where ten teachers and five hundred pupils are enrolled, a magnificent ladies' seminary, two banks, more than a hundred and fifty stores and business houses, car-shops employing one hundred and seventy-five hands, furniture manufactories, foundry and machine-shops, sash and door shops, a candy factory, salmon cannery, brick-yards, several saw-mills, — one of which employs two hundred hands about the mill and six hundred at the logging-camps and produces fifty million feet of lumber in a year, — shingle and lath mills, and various other industries.

I am aware that, as a rule, statistics are not very interesting to the general reader, but here, on a spot where barely a half-dozen years ago was unbroken forest, and where charred stumps and brakes and brambles still cover unoccupied lots, statistics

stare you in the face in such a potential way there is no escaping them.

I like this juxtaposition of the triumphs of skill and enterprise with the primeval forest. There is no fascination about a new town on a grassless, treeless plain, no matter how elegant its buildings or how enterprising its citizens; but here, where the flavor of the wilderness pervades everything, and where, from a hotel costing two hundred thousand dollars, furnished with all the luxurious appliances of modern art, you may look out upon —

> "Cedar and pine and fir, * * * *
> A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view,"

there is a subtile charm that stirs the heart and quickens the pulses, till we find ourselves in harmony with the bustle and energy and dauntless courage which make possible here achievements whose magnitude staggers the cautious conservatism of the East.

The cheap wooden houses usually found in a new town are here conspicuous by their absence. The Land Company, I am told, sell no lots except on condition that the purchaser shall put up a building within three years, to cost not less than a stipulated sum, by which arrangement all dwellings are built for permanancy and not to serve a temporary purpose.

The St. Luke's Episcopal church, a handsome structure of stone, was the gift of C. B. Wright of

Philadelphia, president of the Tacoma Land Company, a memorial to his deceased wife and daughter; and the town is indebted to the same liberal source for the elegant "Annie Wright Ladies' Seminary."

The harbor of Commencement Bay is one of the best in the world, the waters so deep that vessels of the heaviest draught can ride to its piers; indeed, the chief difficulty is that the waters are too deep for anchorage. To remedy this a project is already initiated to deepen the channel of the Puyallup river at its mouth, so that the shipping may anchor there.

The upper portion of the town commands a magnificent prospect, — the beautiful bay with its timber fringed shores, the fertile Puyallup valley, the green hills, the distant blue mountains, and, crowning all, the eternal snows of Mt. Tacoma, — there is nothing wanting to the completeness of the landscape. What Mt. Hood is to Portland, Mt. Tacoma is to this city, — its glory and pride. Any description of the place which should not include this kingly height would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the melancholy prince omitted. About forty miles distant, with nothing to obstruct the view, the low range of foot-hills appearing but as the wall inclosing the grounds from which rises some lofty monument, this majestic peak rears its head against the sky 14,444 feet, snow-covered to its feet. More massive than Mt. Hood, it resembles that somewhat in general

outline, although the summit is less sharp. On its sides are eight living glaciers, nourishing as many streams, which ultimately find their way to the ocean. It was probably from this fact that the name "nourishing breast" was given it. There is a horseback trail to the height of 11,000 feet, and the ascent from that point to the summit has several times been made. Near the summit there is a crater where it is still so warm that one may remain there all night without discomfort with no other covering than a blanket. At the height of 11,000 feet, where was formerly a crater, is now a lake, and a green meadow carpeted with flowers, — evidence that the internal fires of the volcano are not yet wholly extinct.

But a few hundred feet less lofty than Mont Blanc, with no other high mountains intervening to obstruct the vision as far as the eye can reach, what a sublime and magnificent panorama must be unfolded to those who scale that shining height! It may yet be, and at no very distant day, that the aspiring mountaineer will count it a prouder distinction to have climbed the lofty glaciers of Tacoma than to have scaled the slippery *Mer de Glace*, and that tourists will come hither from all parts of the world as they now flock to the Alps and the shores of the Mediterranean. In contemplating this glorious peak and the fair land beneath, with its woods and waters and fertile valleys, and rich mineral treasures hid below the surface, I

seem to hear the words of "Concord Bridge" as voiced by "Hosea Biglow:"

> "I feel my spirit swellin' with a cry
> That seems to say, 'Break forth and prophesy.'
> * * * * * * * * *
> This land of our'n I tell ye's got to be
> A better country than man ever see;"

and in imagination I stand upon the exalted summit and look down upon populous cities and cultivated fields and happy homes where now is virgin wilderness, and see the beautiful shores of Puget Sound adorned with lovely villas or lined with busy towns, the abodes of millions of free and prosperous people — yet to be.

There are probably other new western towns that have grown up as rapidly as Tacoma, possibly there are some that rival it in beauty of situation, but in one thing this town stands preëminent, — nowhere else is there another "Tacoma" hotel, no other hostelry has such a host as Landlord Tyler. "The Tacoma" is the property of the Tacoma Land Company, its foundations having been laid last fall. The father of the enterprise was Gen. Sprague, who occupies a handsome residence near the hotel. He suggested to Mr. C. B. Wright, the president of the Land Company, that a hotel costing about thirty thousand dollars would be a good thing to have. The result is a building on which over two hundred thousand dollars has been expended in construction and thirty thousand dollars already invested in furniture. The house is not yet completed, and our party were

the first guests entertained there. It was about sunset of June 26 when we arrived, on our return trip through Puget Sound, and, although we had been informed that we were to "open" a new hotel, we had no expectations beyond the fact that everything would be new and clean. The hotel is a palatial-looking building of handsome architectural proportions, situated on the edge of a bluff one hundred feet above the water at the head of Commencement Bay, at the point where the Puyallup river debouches into it. The walls are of brick covered with mastic. The location is a beautiful one, the prospect on the water side taking in the bay and opposite shores and a long stretch of landscape over forest and hill to the royal Tacoma crowned with perennial snows.

The interior is beautifully finished in redwood, and the furniture is of the same handsome material. We found the entrances to our rooms guarded by blanket portieres, the doors designed for them having been detained on a vessel in quarantine in the sound off Victoria. There was a sense of freedom and unrestraint in this big, grand house in its unfinished condition, where the noise of hammer and saw was still to be heard, that could not have existed if everything had been complete. I wish I could convey a sense of the delightful surprise, the infectious joy, the unchecked enthusiasm that animated us as we took in our surroundings and entered our names upon the "bran new" register, or the almost hilarious mirth with which this decorous party from the oldest and

easternmost part of the country celebrated the "house-warming" of this new hotel in the newest town on this far away western coast. It was such a grand thing to have the big house all to ourselves, — for this Raymond Excursion Party is a harmonious, a united party, — not divided into cliques or sets, — and Landlord Tyler bade us consider everything as our own.

I must not omit mention of the beautiful little dining-room, just large enough to give ample accommodations to all our party, with its carved chimney-piece and tiled fire-place, its tables covered with the finest and whitest of damask and shining with the brightest of new silver, the delicate china, the skilled and attentive waiters, the delicious viands served in the daintiest and most appetizing way, and the lovely bouquet at each plate on the dinner table, — we almost believed ourselves to be the honored guests at a festive banquet rather than patrons of a public inn. It is plain the managers knew their man when they sent W. D. Tyler here from Pennsylvania to open this hotel; but — to his everlasting honor be it said — he refused to come except on condition that the hotel should have no public bar; and thus the big room across the eastern end, which was to have been a billiard and bar room, is now being finished off for a parlor.

The morning following our arrival was rainy, but the big hotel office, although not quite completed,

was cheerful with a fire-place at either end, where the bright wood fires crackled and blazed, and no clouds or dampness could check the ardor of our enjoyment. Here various citizens called upon several members of the party. Among them was one whom possibly some Manchester readers may remember, Mr. Edward N. Fuller, who edited the MIRROR in 1850. Mr. Fuller is still in the editorial harness, being connected with the Tacoma *Daily News*, and has followed the fortunes of various papers in the West since he left New Hampshire, in Chicago, Salt Lake City and other places. The *News* is a lively little sheet, but not so small as were those earliest editions of the MIRROR. There is another daily published here, the *Ledger*, whose editor was also among the callers; and Mr. Richard Bradley, clerk of the Nisqually and Skokomish Indian Agency, with headquarters on the Puyallup Reservation, a native of New England, was glad to greet citizens from his old home. The Puyallup Reservation is only three or four miles from Tacoma, and an Indian school is in operation there under the auspices of the government. During the afternoon a large number of our party drove over to visit this Indian school. There are seventy-five boys and girls from six or seven years to adult age, who are boarded, clothed, educated and taught to work here. This was the last day of school before vacation, which the children were to spend with their parents. We listened to reading, singing and

answers to questions in geography. I am told by the teacher that they learn quite readily anything which only requires memorizing, but that arithmetic they acquire slowly. The writing-books were remarkable for the uniform excellence of the penmanship. Few white children, with the same amount of practice, could write so well. Considering the fact that most of these children do not understand a word of English when they come here, their acquirements seem surprising. Their parents let them come very readily now, but when the school was first established it "was almost necessary to lasso them to secure them," as the superintendent expressed it. In the afternoons the older boys are taken into the fields or shops to work, some of them receiving five dollars a month as apprentices, and the girls are taught to sew and do housework. Everything is systematic and orderly about the establishment. As soon as the school closed the girls at once repaired to the sewing-room, and when we looked in upon them they were busily darning stockings and scarcely glanced at us.

The Puyallup Reservation comprises eighteen thousand acres, occupied by five hundred and sixty Indians. These Indians cultivate not only grain and field crops, but some of them have gone into gardening. One of them raised and sold fifty dollars' worth of strawberries the present season. They build their own houses, some of them of two

stories, open and take care of their own roads, and are generally progressing.

This Puyallup valley is one of the most fertile in the world. It is said that it will produce four tons of hay to the acre. The principal crop of the farmers here is hops, and while eight hundred pounds to the acre is considered a good yield in New York, this rich soil produces sixteen hundred to three thousand pounds per acre. A branch of the Northern Pacific extends up the Puyallup valley thirty-three miles to the rich coal fields of that region, from which more than one hundred and sixty-eight thousand tons of coal were forwarded to the city for shipment last year. This railroad goes within a few miles of Mt. Tacoma, an advantage likely some day to be appreciated by tourists.

The second evening of our stay at Tacoma, our party organized and adopted resolutions expressive of the entire satisfaction with the manner in which the conductor, Mr. Luther L. Holden, had performed his duties, of appreciation of his unfailing courtesy and unceasing efforts to promote the comfort and pleasure of those in his charge, and a commendation of Raymond Excursion arrangements in general and this one in every particular. A resolution of thanks to Landlord Tyler for the handsome manner in which we were entertained was also adopted. On the same occasion a little purse of gold was presented Mrs. Holden as a testimonial of our appreciation of her

uniform kindness and ever ready and cheerful helpfulness to all members of the party.

We left Tacoma the following morning to return to Portland, carrying only happy, joyous memories of our stay here, in spite of unpropitious weather (it was only on the morning of our departure that we had a full view of Mt. Tacoma), and we are sure that for our happiness we are largely indebted to the efforts of the man who "knows how to keep a hotel."

CHAPTER XV.

THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.—SALEM.—THE MIDDLE COLUMBIA.

ON the morning of June 29 we took train on the Oregon & California Railroad at East Portland for a trip up the Willamette valley. This valley is the oldest settled portion of Oregon and is famous for its fertility and beauty. Wheat is the leading crop, and is produced not only in abundant quantity year after year on the same soil, but it is so superior in quality as to command a higher price than almost any other.

The Willamette valley has an average width of about fifty miles between the Cascade and Coast ranges, and extends one hundred and fifty miles southward from the Columbia river. There is a railroad on each side of the river through this valley, but our destination is Salem, the capital of the state, and we take the east side. For the first eighteen miles our road is near the bank of the stream, till we reach the Willamette Falls at Oregon City. These falls are justly famed for their beauty. The vertical fall is only about thirty feet, but, including the rapids above and below, the descent is one hundred feet. Here is water-power enough, as some one expressed

it, "to turn the mills of the gods." There are locks at the falls so as to admit of navigation to the Upper Willamette. Oregon City is pleasantly situated, has some two thousand inhabitants, a large woolen-mill, two flour-mills and a saw-mill.

Above the falls the river and railroad part company, and we do not see the stream again till we get to Salem, fifty-three miles from Portland. A large portion of the valley through which we pass is level prairie, and there are no towns of any importance between Oregon City and Salem, and we miss the frequent farm-houses that we should naturally expect to see in so fertile a country. It seems a pity that farms should be on so large a scale as to make agricultural neighborhoods impossible. The large fields of ripening grain are a pleasant sight. No corn is grown here, the nights being too cool for that heat-loving plant. Both ranges of mountains are visible from the train, and we get views of Mts. Hood, St. Helen's, Tacoma, Jefferson and Adams on the way. Our train carried us as far as Albany, some twenty miles from Salem, but we made no stay there.

Salem, the capital city of Oregon, was founded in 1842, and was first called Chemeketa, from the name of a tribe of Indians who once had their village near its site, the word meaning "place of rest." The name was changed through the influence of a gentleman from Salem, Mass. The town is pleasantly situated on the east bank of the Willamette,

near the point where Mill creek unites with the river. This creek affords a superior water-power which is utilized by flouring-mills, saw and grist mills, a woolen mill and other manufacturing industries. The site of the town is, for the most part, a level prairie; the streets broad, clean and beautifully shaded with maple and locust trees, the houses having a tidy, respectable, "well-to-do" appearance. The state capitol, which was begun in 1873, is not yet completed, but has already cost $230,000. It will be an elegant structure when finished. The view from the roof of the capitol is very fine, including the mountains in the distance, the nearer wheat-clad hills, forests and farms, the broad, curving Willamette, the state penitentiary and elegant new insane asylum just outside the city limits, and the city itself at our feet. By the courtesy of the assistant secretary of state we were shown some of the curiosities in the state archives. Among these were the medal presented by the merchants of Boston to Capt. Robert Gray, the commander of the first ship that ever ascended the Columbia river, and the tomahawk with which Dr. Whitman, the Methodist missionary, was killed.

The Methodists are the leading denomination in Oregon, and the Willamette University in Salem, a very flourishing educational institution, is under their auspices. There are eleven churches in Salem, which is a pretty liberal allowance for a town of six thousand inhabitants. The court-house is a handsome build-

ing, one of the finest on the Pacific coast. The Chemeketa Hotel, where we found an excellent dinner, cost $150,000, and is probably the largest in Oregon. Several citizens came to meet the "party from the East," and put us under obligations for kindly courtesies.

The Willamette valley is truly a favored land. It is said that the crops there never fail. If the winter rains are less abundant than usual so as to endanger the crops by a summer drought, Providence kindly permits a fire to be started in the woods, by which the air is filled with smoke, and thus the scorching rays of the sun are excluded, and Earth yields her increase in the regular way.

Tuesday morning, July 1, we started on our homeward journey from Portland, taking the steamer Dixi Thompson for the voyage up the Columbia river as far as the Cascades. A few miles above the junction of the Willamette we reach Vancouver, a very pretty village on the Washington shore, where was formerly Fort Vancouver, and where is now an important military post. Two ladies of our party were left here, the guests of Gen. Miles, commander of the Department of the Columbia.

A dozen miles farther on is another small town, Washougal. The river is twenty feet higher than usual and the banks are in some places overflowed. A barn near Washougal appears to be a good many yards from land. Up to this point the shores are

low or gradually sloping, particularly the north bank, but we are now approaching the heart of the Cascade Range — and scenery which has no counterpart in the known world. The shores become precipitous and often rise to a great height. There are several waterfalls on the south side. The Multnomah in two plunges falls eight hundred feet. The Oneonta, another beautiful fall, is nearly as high. There are curious rock formations along the shores. Rooster Rock projects from the south bank, a tall pillar, several hundred feet in height, a gigantic perch for a giant chanticleer. Perhaps the most remarkable of these rocks is Cape Horn, on the north bank. The mountain extends out into the water forming a promontory, the almost vertical walls of which rise in fluted columns several hundred feet, with conical summits. These walls are basaltic rock, the brownish red coloring being particularly pleasing to the eye. In some places the rocks are gay with a covering of tiny flowers growing from the crevices. On the same side of the river as Cape Horn, a prominent object for a long distance is Castle Rock, an isolated mountain rising from the water one thousand feet in height.

The scenery is constantly changing, new objects of interest being continually brought to view, and there is no rest for the eyes. Occasionally trains on the Oregon & Navigation Company's Railroad are seen creeping along the narrow shelf of shore on the

Oregon side, or plunging into the numerous tunnels through the rocks where no other pathway could be found. In some places the workmen who did the blasting for the railroad had to be let down from the top of the cliff with ropes.

A short distance above Castle Rock, sixty-two miles from Portland, we reach the Cascades, where we disembark and take train on a narrow-gauge track for a portage of six miles around the rapids. The mountains take their name from these cascades, which resemble somewhat the rapids above Niagara Falls, the water rushing over its bed with tremendous force. The government has commenced the building of a canal and locks around the Cascades. There are two series of rapids called the Upper and Lower Cascades, the former being the most tumultuous. Having passed the Upper Cascades we embark on the Harvest Queen for the remainder of the voyage up the river to the Dalles, this part of the course being what is generally termed the Middle Columbia. The scenery, although differing somewhat from that below the Cascades, continues unique and remarkably picturesque. The rock formations are altogether wonderful. Sometimes the banks are terraced slopes with from three to five terraces of an apparent equal height, of from fifty to a hundred feet. Sometimes there are palisades resembling those on the Hudson. There are rocks formed like church towers, others are pinnacles, or huge cones. In some places the bases of

these rocks are worn by the action of the water into caves and grottoes of fantastic forms. Some of the rocks rise a thousand feet in height, and everywhere there is a beautiful coloring peculiar to this scenery. Geologists say that nowhere else in the world are there so wonderful specimens of igneous rock as are seen in this furrow through the Cascade Range. There is said to be a sliding mountain about three miles from the Upper Cascades. This mountain, of basalt, rests upon a bed of conglomerate with sandstone substratum, and as the river wears away the bed, the mass trends downward towards the stream. Two streams flow into the Columbia between the Cascades and the Dalles, Hood river on the south side, which has its source in the perennial snows of Mt. Hood, and the White Salmon river, which rises in the melting snows of Mt. Adams on the north.

It was about five o'clock when we reached Dalles City, the distance from Portland being one hundred and ten miles. The weather, except in the morning when the sky was overcast, was beautiful, leaving nothing to be desired. Not a mile of the voyage but had its own distinctive charm. The scenery, if less picturesquely beautiful than that of Puget Sound, was unique and wonderful, with a loveliness all its own, and the day was one of such thorough delightfulness it was with a sigh of regret that we prepared to leave the boat to resume our journey by rail.

At Dalles City is the first opening of the mountains sufficient for a town, for at least seventy-five miles of our course. The city is delightfully situated just below the Great Dalles of the Columbia river. Mts. Hood and Adams are both visible from the town and in all directions the views must be very charming. The Dalles is a narrow gorge in the basaltic rock about a mile and a half in length, the narrowest part only sixty feet in width, through which the whole volume of the river forces its way. So deep is the water here and it rushes through with so much force that it seems to be pushed up sideways, if I may so express it, or like the Niagara river at the Whirlpool Rapids.

The wind was blowing almost a gale at Dalles City when we arrived, and clouds of dust were flying, so that few cared to go about the streets during the half hour we waited for the train to start. We follow the bank of the stream till we reach Wallula Junction, where we take the Northern Pacific road. The face of the country is entirely changed. From the Dalles the banks of the river are low, and bristling with black fragments of lava rock. The sand is heaped in huge piles like snow-drifts for miles and miles, and if we venture on the car-platform our eyes and ears are filled with the flying sand. We get occasional glimpses of Mt. Hood, no longer seen toward the east, but fast receding with the setting sun, and, spite of wind and dust, we watch for the glorious peak

from the rear platform, sad in the thought that when darkness closes in we shall have looked for the last time upon its majestic form. Farewell, beautiful snow-clad heights! Though I may never see you more with mortal vision, ye are indelibly photographed on memory's tablets, perennial as your own eternal snows.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC AND UTAH & NORTHERN RAILROADS. — BUTTE CITY.

WHEN we arose Wednesday morning, July 2, we found ourselves close to the shore of Lake Colville, a placid sheet of water with reedy banks, which lay along our course for eight miles. Two miles farther on we reach Sprague, W. T., the headquarters of the Pend d'Oreille Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. During the night we had passed through an almost desert region, the road having been built, since leaving the banks of the Columbia, through dried-up water-courses or coulées, as they are termed. Sprague has a population of ten or twelve hundred people where in 1881 not a house existed. The railroad-shops furnish the main business, while the surrounding country comes here for supplies. Twenty-five miles east of Sprague is Cheney, a town named in honor of B. P. Cheney of Boston. An academy here, which has two hundred pupils, was the gift of that gentleman.

Spokane Falls, the next town reached, is a thriving place antedating the railroad, whose magnificent water-power is utilized in operating flour-mills, saw-mills and other factories. The falls are but a short

distance from the station, and our train stopped long enough for us to go to see them. The Spokane river, which here makes a descent of one hundred and sixty feet in a series of falls, is the outlet of Lake Cœur d'Alene (a large sheet of water to the southeast) and is tributary to the Columbia. The rock formation is all basaltic or volcanic here, and ragged, rocky islands, their purplish brown color in agreeable contrast to the white foam of the cataract, divide the falling waters into several streams which dash madly down their rocky beds, then, reunited, the rushing torrent makes a final plunge of sixty-five feet, between the high and rock-bound shores. It is a beautiful fall and the surrounding scenery is very pleasing. A few miles north of here are the famous "Medical Lakes," celebrated for their cure of rheumatism and kindred diseases. Nineteen miles east of Spokane we reach the boundary line of Idaho. This territory is but a narrow strip in its northern portion, seventy-eight miles in width, but abounds in picturesque and beautiful scenery. A portion of the way we pass through forests of tall pines and firs, not as large as those in the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountains, but scarcely less lofty in height. Many charred and blackened trunks mark the devastation of forest fires. We are in the Cœur d'Alene Mountain region, the discovery of whose mines caused great excitement last year.

Those who have traced out the course of the Northern Pacific Railroad on the map will have

observed, about midway between the east and west boundaries of northern Idaho, a body of water bearing the name of Lake Pend d'Oreille. Why it was called an "Ear-drop" I am unable to ascertain — possibly there was a fancied resemblance in form to a lady's ear-jewel as outlined on the map. The lake is sixty miles long and about fifteen miles wide, and the railroad makes quite a detour to the northward to pass around it, keeping along its shores for several miles, affording the traveler visions of marvelous beauty and grandeur, scarcely to be surpassed by any lake scenery in the world. Yes, here in the heart of these Cœur d'Alene hills, nestling close up to the mountain walls, there lies a beautiful gem, in the light of whose peerless setting even our own Winnipesaukee pales and the luster of Lake George is dimmed. The shores of Lake George are in some portions equally bold, but here the expanse of water is much greater, and the mountain walls are loftier and extend, peak beyond peak, for many miles, blue as the sky in the far distance, opening up lovely vistas which disappear all too soon as our train speeds along. Then the solitude of the lake gives it an additional charm for me. No villages, no summer cottages, no "camp-grounds" disturb the repose of these timber-fringed shores, and the only living objects we saw were a couple of Indians paddling along the glassy surface in a bark canoe. A steamboat has been put upon the lake, but it is not now in use.

Clarke's Fork of the Columbia river passes through Lake Pend d'Oreille, and the railroad crosses the head of the lake at the mouth of the river on a trestle more than a mile in length.

Our road lies along Clarke's Fork now for a long distance, through a country of wild and beautiful scenery, but there are very few settlements as yet. There are numerous Chinese graves with their little wooden inclosures all along the wayside. It is said that five thousand of these Celestials perished during the construction of the road. We cross the boundary line of Idaho and Montana near Clarke's Fork Station. Montana seems to be the wonderland of the continent. Little considered until recently, except as to its mines, it is now known to be not only rich in mineral treasures, but to possess the more enduring wealth of innumerable valleys of unsurpassed fertility, vast forest tracts of the finest timber, immense grazing lands in the mountain districts, two thousand miles of navigable waters, and some of the grandest and most beautiful natural scenery. The abundant streams and waterfalls render irrigation practicable and easy almost everywhere. The two great rivers of the continent, one finding its way to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific, have their sources in this territory so near together that the Missouri and the Columbia may almost be said to have been born twins.

At Thompson's Falls on Thompson river, a tributary of Clarke's Fork, the scenery is very picturesque.

The mountains form a vast amphitheatre with a glory of green and purple and blue coloring in the afternoon light, the waters of the river dash madly along their rocky bed, and we just get a glimpse of the foaming waterfall through the trees as we approach the station. A few miles from Thompson's we reach Horse Plains, a circular valley surrounded by precipitous mountains. The Flathead Indian Reservation extends northward from here along the Pend d'Oreille and Jocko rivers for sixty miles, and numerous wigwams of this tribe were pitched on the plains near the railroad. Twenty-eight miles from Thompson's we reach Paradise Valley. I know of but one reason for considering this appellation a misnomer: mosquitoes do not belong in Paradise, and here the air was black with them. A few thousand of these, of ordinary voracity, could not have driven me from my seat on the rear platform; but when they came in myriads, with appetites sharpened by long fasting, and all joining in the chorus of—

> Fe, fi, fo, fum,
> I smell the blood of Yankees — yum!

there was too much "yum" for me, and I beat a hasty retreat. The sun had now set and daylight soon gave place to moonlight. About ten o'clock we enter the famous Coriacan Defile and cross the Marent Gulch on a trestle eight hundred and sixty-six feet long and two hundred and twenty-six feet high. "Jacob's Ladder," on Mt. Washington,

dwindles besides these figures. Missoula, the county seat of Missoula county, a rapidly growing town of about a thousand inhabitants, we reach about 11 P. M., and when we awaken next morning are resting at Garrison, seventy-two miles farther on, or rather at Blackfoot Junction, a mile east of Garrison, at the junction of the Utah & Northern with the Northern Pacific road. This was the end of our journey on the latter road. The whole of it, from Spokane Falls in the early morning till we left Paradise Valley and entered into darkness, was of exceeding interest and pleasure. The weather was perfect and the scenery beautiful and constantly varying.

We found the depot platform covered with hoar frost as we left the Northern Pacific cars and entered a special train on the narrow-gauge Utah & Northern, bound for Ogden on the Union Pacific, four hundred and fifty-four miles to the southward.

Deer Lodge is a flourishing mining town, eleven miles from Garrison, in the beautiful Deer Lodge valley, having a population of fifteen hundred. This town and valley take their name from the abundance of deer that formerly roamed these feeding grounds, and from the existence of a geyser cone, or mound, shaped like an Indian wigwam or lodge, from the summit of which issues a boiling mineral spring; the steam from this spring resembles the smoke that curls from an Indian lodge, completing the similarity. The mound, which is thirty feet high and

fifty feet in diameter at the base, is in plain view from the railroad, and but a few miles from the village. A hotel, bath-houses, insane asylum and other buildings are near by. Several other hot springs issue from the ground near the base of the mound. There is an interesting Indian legend connected with this elevated spring. The pyramid is said to have sprung up in a single night. Two braves loved the same dusky maiden and fought a duel here on her account. The favored one was defeated and thrown to the bottom of the cavity; whereupon the maiden sent up a heart-broken prayer to the Great Spirit for a mound to cover her slain lover, and the next morning this pyramid was revealed; and "not all the lariats of the tribe tied together could reach the bottom of the seething waters."

Deer Lodge valley is apparently from ten to twenty miles in width, inclosed by mountain ranges on either hand, and extends southward for fifty miles. Powell Mountain, twenty miles west of Deer Lodge City, the most prominent object in the landscape, is ten thousand feet in height. The valley is green and fertile, and mainly devoted to grazing. We are so accustomed to think of this part of the country as a cold northern clime, we can hardly realize that Deer Lodge is on exactly the same parallel of latitude as Venice and the "Bridge of Sighs;" but its altitude — nearly four thousand feet

above the sea — accounts for July frosts, though it is said the mean annual temperature of this village is four degrees warmer than that of New Hampshire, and cattle thrive here without shelter the year round. It is claimed that the "Chinook," or warm wind from the Japan equatorial current, does not spend its force west of the Cascades, but sweeps eastward to the Rockies, modifying the climate and melting the snows.

At Silver Bow, thirty-three miles south of Deer Lodge, and one thousand feet higher, we take a branch road of seven miles to visit Butte City, the chief mining town in Montana, and location of the most prolific copper mines in the world. The site of Butte is pretty well up on the hill-sides, about five thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and we had a carriage ride of a mile or more from the station before we reached the town. After doing justice to an excellent breakfast at one of the Butte hotels, for which our ride of fifty miles since rising had amply prepared us, we scattered about to visit some of the various mines. The mines here are rich in silver and copper as well as gold. The Anaconda mine, whose ore is chiefly copper, is said to produce annually half the total yield of copper in the world. Joining a party which drifted first to the Colusa copper mine, we were shown by the courteous superintendent all about the works, crushing, smelting, etc., and some of us went down the shaft into the mine. First donning

miners' waterproof coats and caps, we are so disguised we scarcely know each other, then, clinging close together on the small platform, at the word we plunge quickly into the darkness, down, down through four hundred feet of solid blackness. At the bottom, armed with tallow dips, we thread our way — taking heed to our steps lest we get into the water — through the tunnels, while our guide talks about veins, and seams, and ores, and rich leads, and levels, and chutes, and free-milling, and copper glance, and concentrating ore, and galena, and shafts, and so on, till we become very wise indeed.

There are at present two levels in this mine, with nineteen hundred feet of horizontal excavations, and a shaft is being sunk two hundred feet lower, when other horizontal excavations will be made. These tunnels are about eight or ten feet high and four feet wide, and a railroad track runs through them for the passage of the cars upon which the ore is loaded. A steam-engine on the lower level is constantly pumping out the water which trickles from the various excavations, as well as furnishing power to convey the ore to the surface. Following the ore to the smelting-works we see that which is of low grade first "roasted" in piles on the ground to expel the sulphur before being smelted in the furnace; other ore which is largely mixed with quartz is crushed fine in the mill, then the ore and rock separated by the action of the water. This ore, as well as that which

comes through the furnace, is bagged and sent to Swansea, in Wales, to be refined. The best quality of ore is sent there in its crude state.

I don't know how many mines there are in Butte, but their name is Legion. The Alice, one of the most valuable of the silver mines, was visited by many of our party. It is said the yield of all the Butte mines in 1883 was not less than ten million dollars. There are placer gold-diggings near Butte, and until 1877 the place was only a small mining camp. Since then it has grown with great rapidity and there are now some very good buildings, a nice court-house, several churches, stores, a better filled bookstore than can be found in the East outside the large cities, good hotels, and other attributes of a rising town. The high altitude of this town gives it a very commanding prospect of extensive mountain scenery, but the wind blew and the sand was flying in clouds while we were there, a condition of things not conducive to the enjoyment of the landscape. Preparations for the "Fourth" were in progress, rows of little spruce trees brought from the mountains being arranged along the edge of the sidewalks to simulate the adornment of shade trees, since the growing article was impossible.

Leaving Butte about 5 P. M., we returned to Silver Bow and resumed our train to Ogden. Not far from Silver Bow we pass over to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains at a height of five thousand nine

hundred feet, and descend through Big Hole Cañon amid grand and impressive scenery. We take supper at Melrose about sunset, and when we reach Dillon, one hundred and six miles south of Garrison, we bid good-bye to fourteen of our party, whom we are to leave during the night at Beaver Cañon whence they take stages for the Yellowstone National Park. A circus was in full blast under a canvas near the station, but Comrade Bloomer's fireworks, touched off as a valediction while our train waited at the station, made a pretty lively circus, too, and an appropriate prelude to the celebration of the "Glorious Fourth."

During the night, sixty-four miles beyond Dillon, we pass to the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains again, at an elevation of six thousand eight hundred feet, and again enter Idaho Territory. The Indian word "I-dah-ho" means "the mountain where the sun rises," and our "I-dah-ho" on the morning of the Nation's Anniversary is at Eagle Rock, where we cross the Snake river, the same stream that we crossed on the Northern Pacific seven hundred and twenty-eight miles away. Lodges of the Shoshone Indians are pitched near here. We keep along the bank of the Snake till we reach Pocatello, where we breakfast, and then ascend the winding valley of the Port Neuf. There are patches of snow gleaming in the sunlight on the mountains, and although for awhile our course is along a sage-bush plain, the mountains are ever in view, drawing our gaze and thoughts upward.

Seventy-seven miles north of Ogden we enter Utah Territory at Franklin, the entrance to the famous Cache valley with an elevation of four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. This valley is a most wonderful wheat-producing country. The mountain walls rise abruptly without foot-hills on the eastern side of the valley, three thousand feet above it, an almost unbroken range fifty miles in length, while the valley is nearly level. Numerous streams have their sources in these mountains, rendering irrigation easy and practicable all over the valley, which averages a dozen miles in width, — in one portion considerably wider than this. The Bear river is the most important stream. Logan is a leading Mormon town at the entrance of the widest portion of the valley, and scattered along at intervals of three or four miles there are eight other towns, all in full view of the railroad at the same time. The road marks the course of the letter S in going through this valley, passing out over the lower hills at the southwest.

We reached Ogden about 5 P. M., getting occasional glimpses of the Great Salt Lake after leaving the Cache valley, and fine views of the Wahsatch Mountains, speckled with bright patches of snow. Here we change cars for the Utah Central road, which takes us to Salt Lake City, thirty-seven miles distant, where we shall rest among the "Latter-Day Saints."

CHAPTER XVII.

SALT LAKE CITY.

WHILE waiting for the departure of the train from Ogden, our tedium was relieved and the patriotic spirit which was our birthright given expression in the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle," performed at the request of some of our party by a band which had accompanied an excursion hither from Salt Lake. We never could realize before what a big, grand country this is whose birthday was being celebrated. The route from Ogden to Salt Lake City, thirty-seven miles, is full of interest, — a picturesque landscape, with fertile valleys and flowing streams, broad plains, glimpses of the Great Salt Lake, orchards and gardens and pleasant little Mormon settlements where the children — Utah's most prolific crop — crowd around the train with baskets of berries and cherries for sale, and everywhere the mountains rising up grandly in the background, their summits speckled with snowy patches gleaming in the sunlight.

We arrived at Salt Lake City just before sunset and were transferred to the Continental Hotel (a "Gentile" institution), whose shady yard and cool-looking piazza were very inviting. We had heard

that this city of Zion had been made to blossom as the rose where once was only a sage-bush plain, and we found it literally true. Admirably situated in a basin over four thousand feet above the sea, on a gentle incline sloping away to the southwest, the lowest portion of the city but fifty feet higher than the lake a dozen miles distant, shut in on the east and north by the Wahsatch Mountains which rise abruptly without the intervention of foot-hills, while the Oquirrh range rising from the lake shores bounds the horizon on the south and west, it is protected from extremes of heat and cold and affords the best possible conditions for irrigation from the abundant streams which have their sources in the cañons of the Wahsatch. These streams are brought down through all the streets in crystal rills, making green and beautiful where else would be only a barren desert. Rows of shade trees, chiefly locusts and cotton-woods, adorn every street, and grassy lawns and fruit and flower gardens abound. The streets are one hundred and twenty feet broad, and the city is laid out in squares of ten acres each. One not familiar with these magnificent distances is liable to be beguiled, as I was, into walking "five blocks" to see the fireworks, only to find that five blocks meant nearly a mile.

The Mormon church buildings, the Tabernacle, the Endowment House, the new Assembly building and the unfinished Temple, are all in one square,

which is inclosed by an adobe wall. Most readers are familiar with pictures of the Tabernacle with its curious oval shape and circular roof, the largest roof in the world made in this form; yet neither from the pictures nor from an exterior view of the building itself would one guess that it is seventy feet high. It is said to have seating capacity for twelve thousand people, but I should think half that number would be nearer the fact. As we were shown about the building, observing several cisterns or barrels of water in different places near the platform where the elders sit, one of the visitors inquired if the water was a precaution in case of fire. "No, we use that water for the communion. We believe pure water is better than impure wine for the sacraments," was the janitor's reply. He might have added "and cheaper," for when it is considered that the sacraments are administered every Sunday to every man, woman and child in the congregation, the item of expense; if wine were used, would be no insignificant one. The next day being Sunday, we had an opportunity to see this water circulated in tankards along with the communion bread while the preaching was going on, and also "passed around" in tin cups by girls and boys to the thirsty crowd, in the same manner that the little girls in the country schoolhouses all over New England are accustomed to "pass the water" to their thirsty mates. Kate Field, who spent several months here last winter and

spring to study the Mormon question, gives an amusing account of her experience at the annual meeting of the Mormon church which was held here in April. Knowing there would be a great crowd she took a camp-stool along with her, but could find no place to locate it except on the platform close to one of these water-casks, and so had to devote the most of her time during the meeting to ladling out the fluid for the little girl who "passed round the water."

The Mormon Temple, whose corner-stone was laid in 1853, has its walls up one hundred feet, the full height designed, but the towers, which were to be two hundred feet high, and the roof are untouched. The building is two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, and has already cost nearly $1,700,000. The walls are built of huge blocks of granite, those at the base being seven feet nine inches in thickness. This granite is quarried about twenty miles from here, and the new Assembly building, which is a handsome gothic structure, was built of the refuse blocks of the Temple granite. It will seat twenty-five hundred people, and cost $150,000.

On the opposite side of the street from the church building is the tithing-house, where the faithful go to pay one-tenth of all they produce or earn into "the church" treasury. "What if you should refuse to pay the tithes?" asked one of a street-car con-

ductor. "Then I should lose my situation," was the reply.

Farther along the street are the "Lion house," so called from the lion effigies that guard the entrance, the "Bee-Hive house," with bee-hive upon the roof and spread eagle surmounting the arched gateway, dwellings formerly occupied by Brigham Young and some of his numerous wives, and the "Amelia Palace" opposite, built for the favorite wife, Amelia Folsom, but never inhabited by her,— now the residence of President Taylor. Several blocks farther up the street, a large square was laid out by Brigham Young for a family cemetery and surrounded by an edge-stone, and here several of his wives and children were buried; but their bodies have been removed, some before and some since his death, he having directed, it is said, that only his first wife should be buried there with him; and so there repose in one corner of the yard, in a vault forty feet deep, surrounded by an iron fence, the mortal remains of the Mormon prophet, and beside him, just outside the iron inclosure, the grave of his only lawful wife, who died a year or two since. The only other grave now in the cemetery is that of a son of President Taylor, it having been set apart for the burial-place of the high church officials.

"Holiness to the Lord, Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution," is the sign over a mammoth building one hundred feet wide, three hundred and

twenty feet deep, and three stories in height, where every class and kind of goods is sold, the annual sales amounting to five or six million dollars. Many Mormon laborers are paid in part in scrip redeemable in goods at this store, so that they are perforce compelled to trade there. The Walker Brothers (four of them), the richest men in Utah, owners of the Alice silver mine at Butte City and other mining interests, as well as an immense amount of property in the city, have also a large dry-goods store. These Walkers were once Mormons, but apostatized, the uncharitable say because they were unwilling to pay tithes after they got rich.

Sunday morning the Tabernacle was filled on the occasion of the funeral of George O. Caulder, an apostle and member of the Mormon High Council. After the preliminary prayer and singing, Caulder's associates in the council each spoke words of eulogy of the deceased, and then George Q. Cannon preached the funeral sermon. He first read a chapter from the Book of Mormon upon the resurrection, — a weak, wishy-washy attempted imitation of the Scriptural style, — and then, after eulogizing the deceased, explained that the faithful at death at once entered into a state of peace and rest and joyful anticipation, free from all harm until the Resurrection, while the wicked would still be subject to the wiles and snares of Satan until the Judgment day.

Cannon speaks easily and has a fair delivery, and with the exception of that which related to the

peculiar Mormon views of the resurrection, what he said would have passed without criticism in almost any pulpit.

In the afternoon were the regular Sunday services in the Tabernacle. It was interesting to look at a Mormon audience. Nearly all foreigners, one may here see representatives of almost every race except the Irish. Many English and Scotch are here, but the Romish church holds the Irish in too close a grip for Mormon proselyters. Few had faces indicative of much intelligence, but the mass were undoubtedly a credulous, sincere, honest class, believing all that was taught them without questioning, and having no thought but of implicit obedience to the decrees of the church rulers. One woman in front of me, with a good, motherly face, watched every word that fell from the speaker as if it were the voice of inspiration; sometimes anticipating his word, — his utterance was slow, — her lips formed it before the preacher pronounced it.

Perhaps the most striking thing about a Mormon audience is the number of children, of all ages, including infants at the breast (literally). Occasionally these infants would make an outcry, after the infant fashion, and at such times it was amusing to see the tall form of President Taylor — his not uncomely face framed in a setting of snow-white hair and beard — rise from behind his desk on the platform one step higher than that of the preacher, where with threatening attitude and sharp glance directed to

the point whence the noise proceeded he would stand till the mother succeeded in hushing the child or escaped with it through one of the thirty doors that open outwards from this Tabernacle.

The preacher in the afternoon was "Apostle" Tisdale, undoubtedly one of the best speakers in the Mormon church, and who was probably selected because it was known that a party of eastern people would be present. The discourse was an enunciation of the tenets of the Mormon faith, claiming that the "Latter-Day Saints" were the real apostolic successors of Christ, the keys of his church having been lost when Peter departed, and restored by Christ to the Mormon prophet Joe Smith. The heavenly rewards of those who are faithful were depicted in glowing colors, and to make the poor better satisfied with their condition, the preacher said he believed there were special rewards in Heaven for those who were denied the good things of this world. The Mormons were represented as a maligned, persecuted people, who dearly love the Constitution, but denounce the "unconstitutional laws enacted by Congress." "When the laws of your country make polygamy a crime, and your religion ordains it, what are you going to do? I can only say I dare not disobey the commands of God," — was the way he handled the polygamy question.

Although the hierarchy insists with more force than ever, since the passage of the Edmunds bill, on the practice of polygamy, shutting out every man from

holding office in the church who has not more than one wife, they are more secret in contracting plural marriages than formerly. It is a significant fact, indicating the great extent to which polygamy is practiced, that in the twenty-three hundred Mormon families in Utah there are thirty-seven thousand children under eight years of age.

In a two days' visit there is not much opportunity for personal observation of the workings of the peculiar institution, and if approached directly upon the subject, as faithful Mormons the poor women, who are the greatest sufferers by it, will admit nothing against it. One of the tourists entered into conversation with a Mormon mother in a street-car. The woman was a Swiss, who had been here three years. "Has your husband any more wives?" she was asked. "Oh, no, he is too poor for that," was the reply. "Do you think it is right for a man to have more than one wife?" was the next question. "Yes, our religion says so," she answered. Then she told how they were prospering in this new land, that they put a little money in the savings-bank every month, and hoped sometime to be able to have a little home of their own. "Well, now," said her questioner, "if your husband should prosper, so that by and by he could afford to take another wife, should you be willing to have him do so?" The woman hesitated an instant, then replied, "I been in dis country only tree year; I no understand all English!"

It seems to be the opinion of some of the best

informed of the "Gentiles" that if Mormon immigration were stopped, the institution would die out in a generation or two. The new generation, with better education and more intelligence than their parents, are only nominally Mormons in most cases, but to apostatize would bring upon them financial ruin.

Among the factors likely to have an important part in reducing the Mormon problem are the mission schools established by the New West Education Commission, of which Isaac Huse, Jr., formerly of Manchester, is a supervisor. There are twenty-six of these schools in the territory, and the teachers of the week-day schools also teach Sunday-schools in the same buildings. It is somewhat remarkable that the Mormons permit their children to attend both. The mission schools are free, while the Mormon schools are not, and they are immeasurably better in every way, Mr. Huse says. It may be that the parents suffer the children to go to Sunday-school "to get them out of the way," as other mothers of less numerous progeny have sometimes been known to do.

No visitor to Salt Lake City should fail to take the "bath train" and go out to Black Rock or Garfield, on the shore of the lake eighteen miles distant, and indulge in a bath in the waters of this great dead sea, so salt that no fish live in it except a small variety of shrimp. This water holds in solution twenty-five per cent of salt, so that four barrels

of water evaporated produce a barrel of salt. You must take heed to your steps when you first enter this water, else your feet will be thrown to the surface like a cork. It is almost fatal to get the water in the throat; the brine contracts the muscles so quickly that strangulation ensues. But once in, nothing is more delightful than a bath in this buoyant element. You need a bath in fresh water when you come out, however, or you will be covered with a crust of salt. This place is quite a resort for invalids, the tonic both of sea and mountain air being here available.

The warm sulphur springs a mile and a half north of the city are also a popular resort, being fitted up with bath-houses, etc., and there are hot springs a mile or two farther distant. Fort Douglas, where the United States troops are stationed, is three miles east of the city, pretty well up toward the base of the mountain, and commands a superb view.

Apart from the interest centering in the peculiar people, who, inspired by a zeal which overcomes all obstacles, by the magic of patient toil have here transformed the desert into a garden, there is much to attract the traveler, both in the city and its environs, and we departed on Monday morning with intensified regret that so fair and beautiful a land should be longer cursed by the superstition that holds the mass of the people beneath the feet of the hierarchy, and shames the civilization of the century with its outrageous crimes in the name of religion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FINALLY.

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THE country traversed by the Union Pacific Railroad has been so often written up that it would be like repeating a "twice told tale" if I should attempt any description of it. Yet, though we had been enjoying a constant succession of new scenes for nearly ten weeks, embracing some of the grandest and loveliest in the world, we still looked with unsated eyes upon the beautiful Weber Cañon with its wild and unexpected opening in the mountain walls called "the Devil's Gate," through which rush the swift waters of Weber river, and the strange and unique geologic formation known as "the Devil's Slide;" and the wonderful forms in Echo Cañon — the tall "Pulpit Rock," the forts and castles and strange creature shapes wrought out by the action of the weather on the red sandstone rocks — had a fascinating interest notwithstanding we had seen the wonders in the "Garden of the Gods," and had penetrated the grandest cañons in Colorado. Nor did we find the boundless, grassy plains of Wyoming wearisome, so like to that described by Tennyson, —

> "The plain was grassy, wild, and bare,
> Wide, wild, and open to the air."

This "air" was delightfully invigorating, like that from the mountain tops, for we were from six thousand to eight thousand feet above the sea, though no mountains were visible except in the distance, and we began to comprehend how delicate youths, who come out here from the East to live upon a ranch, grow strong and robust and gain health as well as wealth while watching the herds that graze upon these limitless plains. The long lines of cattle more than a mile in extent, and troops of horses attended by ranchmen and cow-boys, approaching the shore of the Platte river were a novel and interesting sight. Marking the highest point on the Union Pacific road, eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above the sea, is the monument erected to the memory of Oakes and Oliver Ames at a cost of $50,000. It is a pyramid of red granite blocks, with bronze medallions of the two brothers on the east and west faces, that of Oakes looking toward the Pacific and Oliver's toward the Atlantic terminus. At North Platte, Neb., where we took supper on the second day's journey from Salt Lake City, we witnessed a magnificent prairie sunset. Daylight next morning found us fast approaching the beautiful and thriving city of Omaha, where we spent most of the day. This place in its beauty of situation, largely on the high bluffs overlooking the Missouri river and a broad expanse of country, was an agreeable surprise. Some of us also visited Council Bluffs on the opposite side of the

river, which has a similar site. The high ground on which its naturally beautiful park is located commands a superb view.

It was about 5 P. M. when we resumed our journey, on over the rich rolling prairies and past the magnificent corn-fields of Iowa, arriving in Chicago about noon next day, the big, bustling, busy city being gayer than usual with the display of flags and bunting on account of the Democratic National Convention in session here. It was a bright, beautiful day, and the few hours spent in this ever fascinating city were full of enjoyment. Taking train in the evening on the Chicago & Grand Trunk road, and passing over the same route as on the outward trip, we made no further stops till we reached Boston and Massachusetts Bay on Saturday, July 12, safely and happily terminating a journey of more than eleven thousand miles (including stage and carriage rides) which was in all respects a splendid success, unmarred by any accident or sickness, and, with the exception of tipping a few trunks in Santa Fé river, without a mishap. With very few exceptions the weather throughout the whole trip was the most favorable possible, with no extremes of heat or cold, and very few storms.

That more than fifty people could be taken this long distance thus successfully, and with very few changes from the original program, proves both skillful planning and admirable execution. Messrs.

Raymond & Whitcomb have earned a reputation for fulfilling their promises which our experience fully sustains; and this notwithstanding a large portion of the trip was over a route never traveled by an excursion party before, and where some failures would not have been surprising. This successful result is mainly due to our conductor, Mr. Luther L. Holden, who was emphatically the right man in the right place; tireless in looking after the welfare of the whole party, thoroughly well informed on all matters important for the traveler to know, and unfailing in his courtesy. In Mr. C. H. Bagley, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., he had an excellent assistant, who won the esteem of all by his ever cheerful and ready helpfulness, and in Mrs. Holden, though not an "official," the ladies especially found an ever present friend and helper.

I am sure my fellow-travelers all agree with me that the trip *pays*. Indeed, it was several times remarked that we were "getting too much for our money." There is no question that in traveling under the auspices of the Raymond Excursion management the tourist not only gets more for his money in merchantable things, but in increased enjoyment and comfort, and in freedom from anxiety and care, than if traveling by himself or with a small party. Not only did we fare better, first-class accommodations always being secured in advance, but were recipients of attentions and courtesies because of

connection with the Raymond party that would not otherwise have been accorded.

The journey, instead of being fatiguing as many feared, was, on the contrary, so admirably arranged as to rests and changes, and so comfortable in all ways, that delicate ladies found themselves in better condition on their return than when they left home; and our experience warrants me in asserting that no one of average health and strength need hesitate about undertaking a similar journey from fear of being unable to endure the hardship or fatigue. And in closing these notes of the scenes and incidents that fell under our observation during the seventy-three days of our Vacation Excursion, I venture to express the hope that they have been of sufficient interest to awaken in some readers the desire — which will one day have fulfillment — of visiting the same scenes. No one who has any appreciation of the grand and beautiful in nature, or an interest in anything beyond mere personal gratification, could make this journey across the continent and get from personal observation an idea of the vast extent, the grand and wondrous scenery, the illimitable resources, the varied interests, the boundless possibilities, summed up in the words "OUR COUNTRY," without having his patriotism quickened, his aspirations exalted, his sympathies broadened, his knowledge extended, his interest in and charity for the people of the whole country

aroused, and his faith in the great and glorious future of the country strengthened, — in short, without becoming a better citizen.

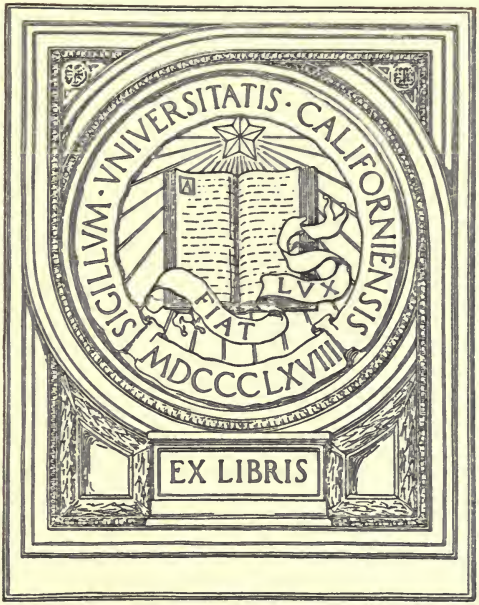
Not least among the pleasures of such a trip is the companionship of fellow-travelers. Our English comrade, who has been an extensive traveler throughout Europe, is authority for the saying that "an educated American is the most agreeable traveling companion in the world." Of our company, nearly all of whom were strangers to each other when they began the journey, there were few who did not part *friends*, or unite in the sentiments expressed in the following lines written by Mrs. Josephine K. Clark of Northampton, Mass. : —

TO OUR PARTY.

The most wide-awake set that one could wish to see,
Merry-hearted travelers, frank and free;
No terrors for us this long journey has had,
So bravely we've borne it, good weather and bad.
"Land-slides" and "washouts," I scarcely need mention,
For to trifles like these we paid no attention;
And only a few lips were seen to quiver
When the baggage was tipped in Santa Fé river!
From State to State we have drifted on,
From Boston's bay to far Oregon;
Through desert and prairie, o'er mountain and vale,
We've found it quite delightful "riding on a rail."
Onward, still *onward*, our motto has been,
' Mid scenes of adventure, confusion and din,
On ocean, on river, through forest and dell, —
And now comes the parting, the final farewell!
I say it in sorrow, I say it with tears,
For these friends of weeks *seem* friends of years.
But I trust the near future shall witness our meeting,
Then, how joyful the welcome, how heartfelt the greeting!

Appoint a Reunion! in whatever clime,
I'll join you most gladly, and promptly on time.
Till then, may God bless you, where'er you may be,
Is the prayer of your comrade, J. K. C.

There remains only to add a "final farewell" to the readers who have followed the progress of this Vacation Excursion from place to place, and to express the hope that all their journeyings may be as full of joy and profit as has this "from Massachusetts Bay to Puget Sound" to O. R.



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